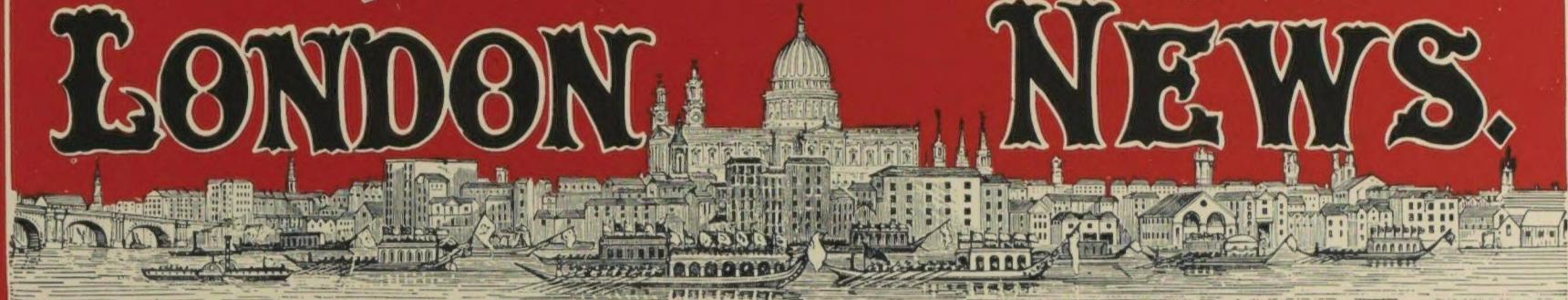


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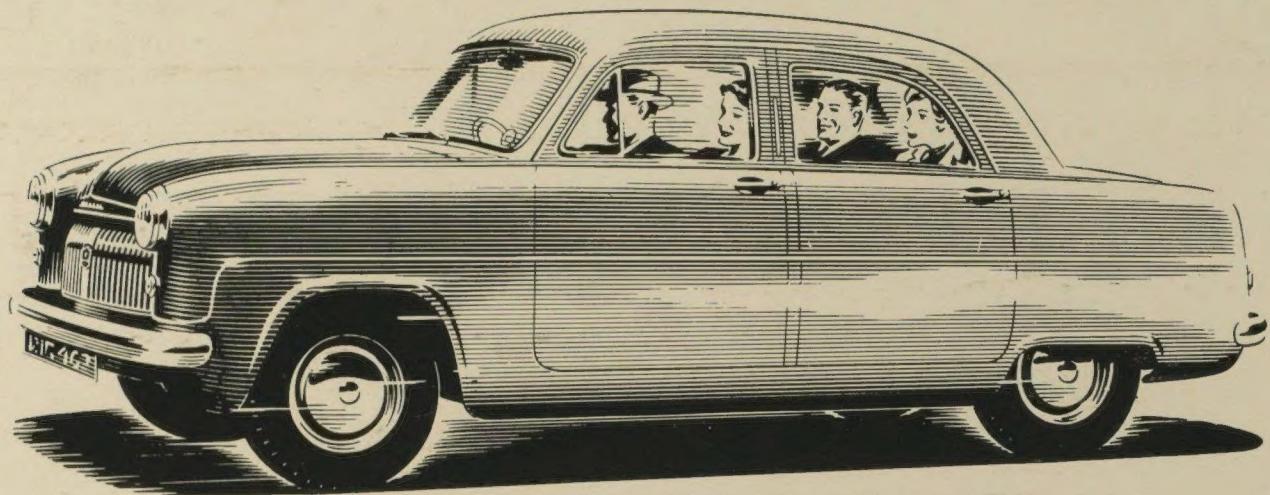
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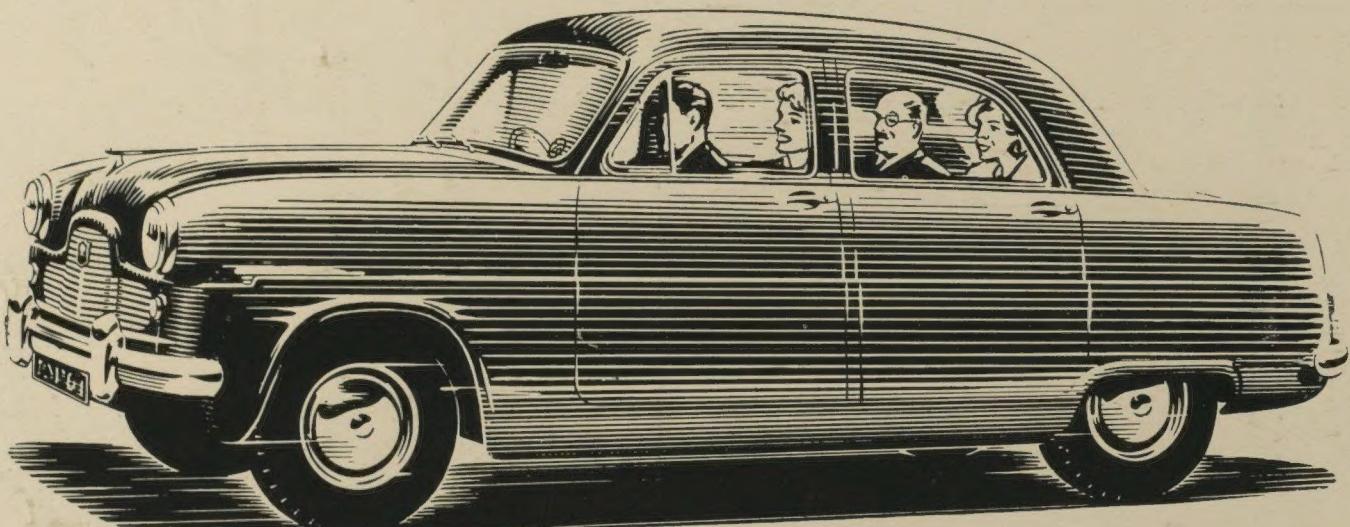
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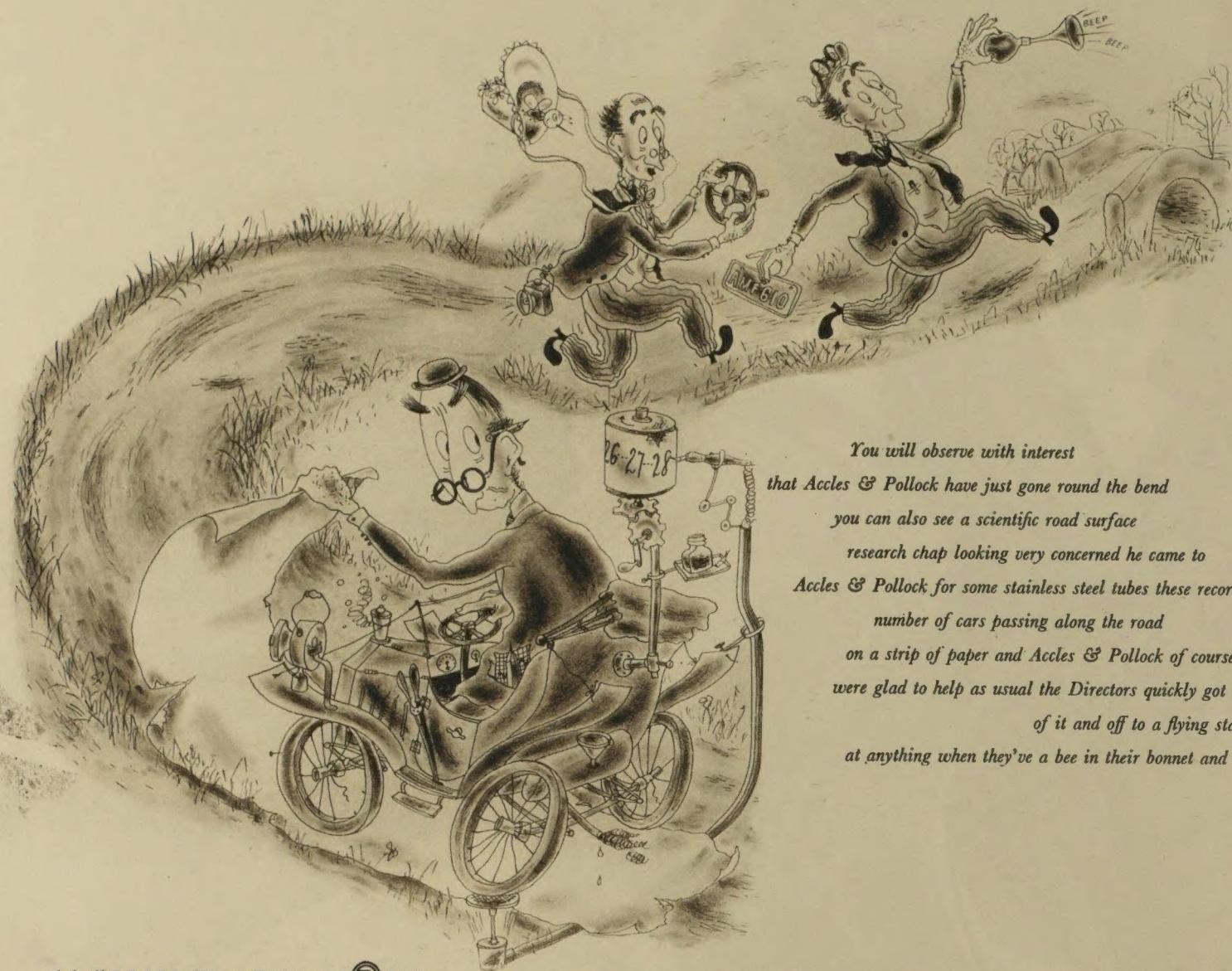
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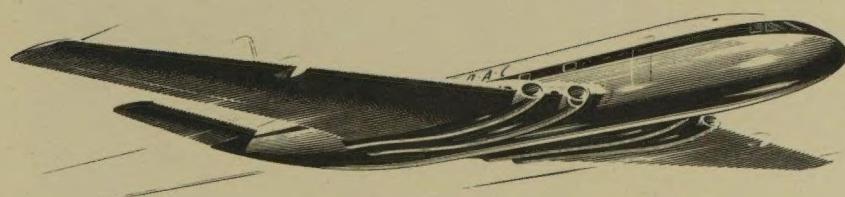
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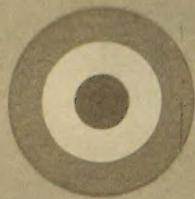
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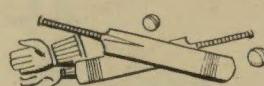
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SATURDAY, JULY 18, 1953.

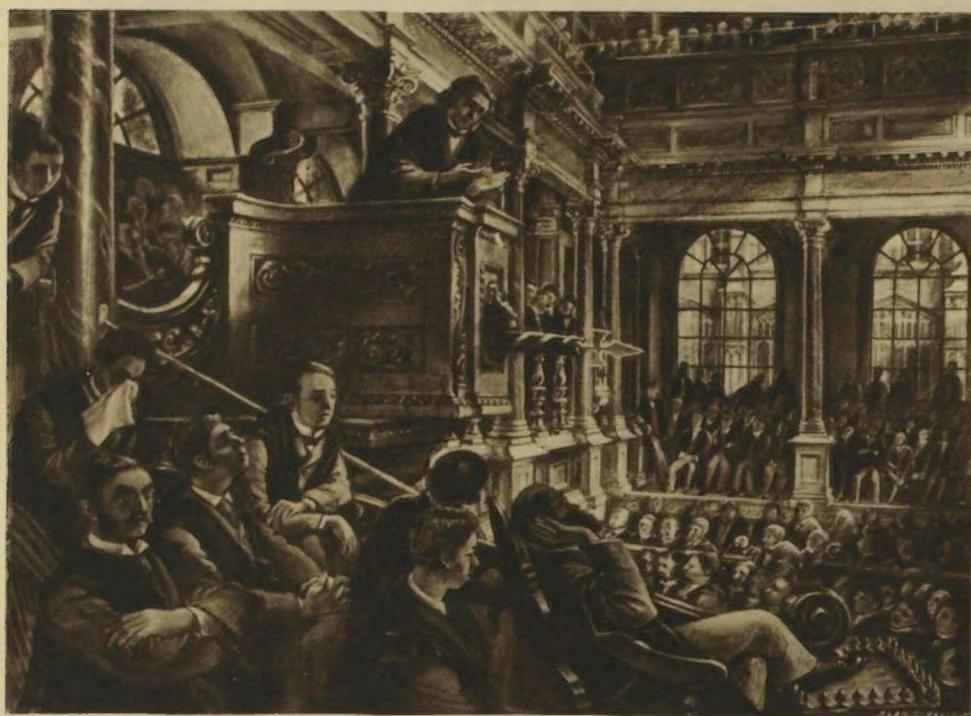


HER MAJESTY IN THE "ROYAL CAPITAL" OF WALES: QUEEN ELIZABETH, WITH THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, WAVES TO THE CHEERING CROWD FROM QUEEN ELEANOR'S GATE, CAERNARVON CASTLE.

The first day of the Queen's two-day State tour of Wales took her through southern and industrial Wales, Newport, Cardiff, the Rhondda, Swansea and Llanelli. The second day opened at the "Royal capital" of the Principality, Caernarvon. It was here that all Wales was hoping that some announcement might be made about the future Prince of Wales, but this was not to be. Within the Castle the presentations were made to the Queen in a scene shown elsewhere in this issue;

and after this the Queen, with the Duke of Edinburgh, appeared at Queen Eleanor's Gate and looked out upon the great crowd gathered in the town's main square. From Caernarvon the Queen drove through Bangor, Conway, Llandudno and Colwyn Bay to Rhyl, where a second halt was made. Then, after a visit to Wrexham, the Queen drove on to Llangollen, where she was welcomed in song by the International Eisteddfod of music and dancing.

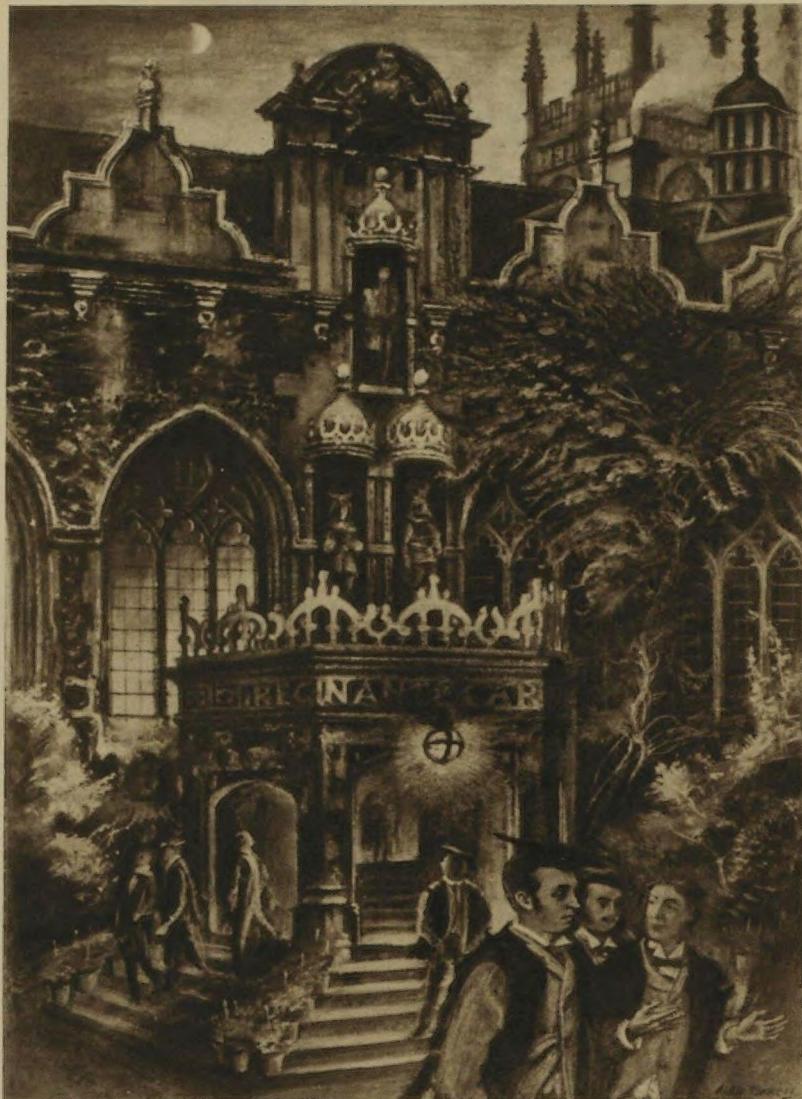
OXFORD'S FORMATIVE INFLUENCE ON RHODES: ILLUSTRATED IN PAINTINGS AT HIS MEMORIAL.



CECIL RHODES (1853-1902), SEATED BESIDE THE ROSTRUM, LISTENING TO RUSKIN DELIVERING THE SHELDONIAN LECTURE, WHICH SO DEEPLY INFLUENCED HIM: A PAINTING BY ALAN SORRELL.

The centenary of the birth of Cecil Rhodes was celebrated in the Rhodesias, which were named after the British pioneer and statesman; and also in this country. Rhodes was born on July 5, 1853, and on July 5, 1953, Sir Dougal Malcolm reopened the Cecil Rhodes Memorial in his birthplace, the former Vicarage, Bishop's Stortford. The house is semi-detached, and in 1935 the Cecil Rhodes Committee acquired the adjoining house and the two were thrown together to form the Memorial Museum. The present Memorial, a reconstruction (consulting architect, Mr. G. A. Jellicoe, F.R.I.B.A.) of the 1935 scheme, comprises twenty rooms, illustrating the life, ambitions and work of Rhodes. On this and the facing page we reproduce paintings by Alan Sorrell (executed with assistance from Lord Elton, Secretary of the Rhodes Trust, and Professor Williams, Warden of Rhodes House).

[Continued below.]



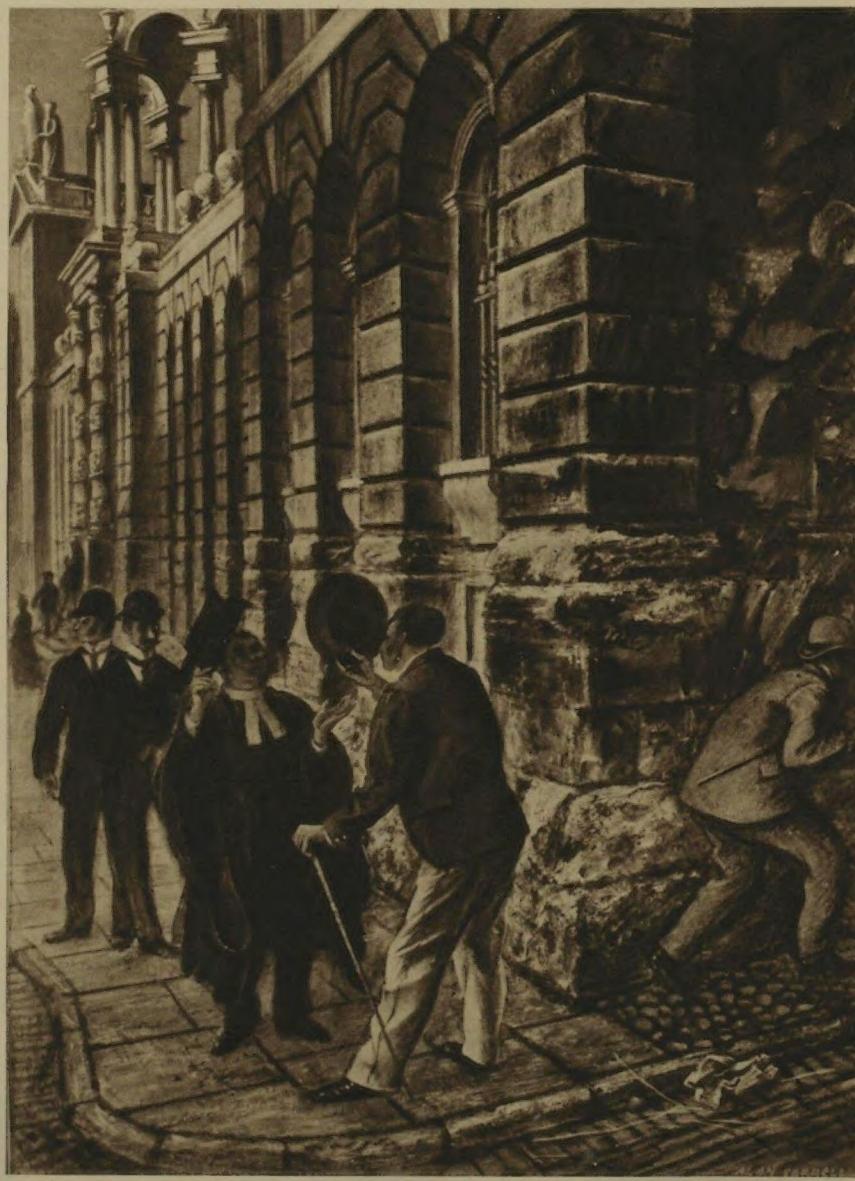
A TYPICAL OXFORD SCENE RECONSTRUCTED BY ALAN SORRELL: CECIL RHODES, IN COMMONER'S CAP AND GOWN, CROSSING THE ORIEL QUADRANGLE.



ALAN SORRELL
RHODES AS A ROWING MAN: BOARDING THE ORIEL COLLEGE BARGE, AFTER ROWING PRACTICE ON THE ISIS. WHILE ACTUALLY ACQUIRING HIS FORTUNE IN KIMBERLEY DIAMOND MINES, IN 1873 HE WENT TO OXFORD.

Continued.]

reconstructing his life as an Oxford undergraduate. While actually acquiring a fortune at Kimberley, Rhodes went to Oriel College in 1873. In his second term he fell ill, and a doctor's case book stated "only six months to live"; but he travelled continuously between Oxford and Kimberley, and took his degree



CECIL RHODES, GOWNLESS, MEETS THE PROCTOR: HIS FRIEND IS SHOWN MAKING OFF, WHILE RHODES BLANDLY EXPLAINS THAT HE IS A VISITOR FROM SOUTH AFRICA; AND THE EXCUSE IS ACCEPTED.

in 1881. He was deeply moved by the dignity of Oxford and the significance of learning; and Ruskin's inaugural lecture inspired his ideals. His love of Oxford was expressed in his bequest of the bulk of his fortune for founding scholarships at Oxford for students from the Commonwealth, the U.S.A., and elsewhere overseas.



CECIL RHODES (1853-1902) BEFORE THE DEAN OF ORIEL, MR. A. G. BUTLER, FOR NON-ATTENDANCE AT LECTURES. HE SAID: "LEAVE ME ALONE AND I SHALL PULL THROUGH." A RECONSTRUCTION BY ALAN SORRELL FOR THE PERMANENT EXHIBITION IN THE RHODES MEMORIAL MUSEUM, AT BISHOP'S STORTFORD.



DISPLAYING MAPS OF AFRICA IN HIS ROOMS : CECIL RHODES, WHO WENT TO OXFORD IN 1873, WHEN ACQUIRING HIS FORTUNE AT KIMBERLEY ; BY ALAN SORRELL. BENEFATOR AND BENEFICIARY OF OXFORD : CECIL RHODES, WHO WAS BORN IN 1853, AS AN UNDERGRADUATE AT ORIEL COLLEGE.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

MY old dog who, owing to his master's inexplicable but apparently ineradicable addiction to scribbling all day on little pieces of paper, has to spend much of his time in a great city, has a home in the country. There, furnished with rabbits, rats, well-populated ricks, haystacks and compost-heaps, is everything that a sporting dog can require to fulfil his destiny. Every now and then a great day arrives when suitcases are taken downstairs and a dog sits anxiously beside them lest through any dreadful oversight he should be left behind. But he never is, and when the taxi arrives at the door and the luggage has been stacked into it, he is allowed, pulling furiously at his lead, to tear across the pavement and hurl himself like an exploding rocket into the vehicle, to whose subsequent progress to Waterloo he draws the attention of the city crowds by bursts of triumphant barking. And, when the station at last is reached, he nearly barks the roof off. The whole of that vast, noisy edifice echoes with the sound, so that it becomes impossible to hear the trains or even the curious medley of raucous, tinned music that British Railways so generously and incessantly relay to the bemused travellers. As for speech with one's porter or the booking-office clerk, it is clearly out of the question until the deliriously happy animal calms down. It is, indeed, hard to credit that one small bundle of animated fur can make so much noise! And when the long railway journey is over and the car climbs the steep slope of the rabbit-haunted Purbeck hills, an even louder chant of exultation breaks from that quivering throat. It is a kind of royal proclamation to all the vermin for a mile round to take precipitately to their holes and burrows and stay there.

But a shadow now has fallen on all this bravado and happiness—a shadow of inexplicable terror and anxiety. For this uncontrollable little dog, once, eleven years ago, a silent and haunted-looking stray, is not the only maker of noise in the green and tawny vales between the limestone hills and the dark cliffs of shale where his hunting paradise lies. For this unfrequented vicinity is not only a splendid place for little dogs, but a splendid place for those who have, in the discharge of their duties, to fire large guns. Beyond the chalk ridge on the horizon, mysterious monsters lurch and slither about a sandy wilderness of little heathy hills, discharging their detonating missiles from long, thin shafts as they practise incessantly for the next—or perhaps, in keeping with age-long military tradition, the last—war to end war. And some months ago a strange and perturbing thing happened. For one day last autumn, having for years treated heavy artillery with the fearless contempt with which he normally treats every manifestation of man or nature, however large and noisy, my dog reacted to the morning's first shots with a display of fear that no one in the past eleven years has ever witnessed in him. Instead of ignoring them as he had always done before, or boldly barking back at them as he had done a few months earlier in Hyde Park on the morning of Queen Elizabeth's Proclamation, he gave one terrified look and fled to the cellar. A few minutes later, covered with coal dust, he emerged and, panting with anxiety, started to circle round my legs. All day, while the bombardment lasted, he continued to alternate between furious digging and scrabbling in cupboards and dark corners, and trotting, like a crazy automaton, round me. Work became virtually impossible, for, apart from the agony of seeing a faithful and beloved friend in such a plight, whenever I started to settle myself to my task, he would fling himself into my lap and lie there panting and trembling, until out of sympathy I found myself trembling too. If I moved to fetch a book or a folder of notes, he would run in circles between my legs, bringing me more than once crashing to the ground. Nor would the poor creature, usually so full of intelligence and sensitivity and eager for every pleasurable experience, pay the slightest attention to the familiar heralds of his favourite treats; the sight of his lead and the magic word

"walk"; the opening of the sacred tin in which his chocolates live and before which he will often lie, like a Trafalgar Square lion, for hours at a stretch, growling at every unlicensed person who approaches; the rattle of keys that announce the opening of the car in which he loves to ride, barking at every dog, and sometimes every human, on the road. Nothing could comfort him or restore him to consciousness of anything but the ungovernable terror riding through his poor, crazed mind. Occasionally, when the guns became temporarily silent, he would recover sufficient composure to creep up from the cellar, bedraggled and ashamed at himself, and lie miserably in a corner, listening for the dreaded sound. And next morning—though by the evening, in the silence of the guns, he had almost recovered his wonted assurance—he was listening for them apprehensively even before they began.

The moment they did so, the same manifestations of helpless terror occurred. After a day or two we took him away.

Since then we have returned little to our home, and each time have been driven from it within a day or two by the same phenomenon. And we have tried every remedy short of psycho-analysis—a form of treatment scarcely available to dogs in the absence of canine psychiatrists—to try to find the root of the distress of our beloved companion. A severe infection of both the liver and kidneys, which may have coincided with the first attack of terror, was discovered and—so far as complete cure is possible for so old a dog—cured; indeed, when he is away from his dreaded enemies, he seems better in himself and more vigorous now than he has been for several years. Watching him run to meet another dog and greet him, with quivering tail and tensed back, or seeing him chase a rabbit with furious cries, it is difficult to believe that he must be at least twelve or thirteen years old and perhaps older. He is still every inch of his compact, graceful body a terrier and, though no longer a fighting terrier, an aggressively spry and game one. And he still carries as beautiful a coat of snowy, soft, vibrant fur as any dog in England, though the black spots and golden cap and ears are flecked now, alas, with grey. And his joy on leaving London for the country still affords to himself a manifestly expressible and, to those who love him, a quite inexpressible degree of pleasure. But, despite every attempted resource, nothing seems proof against the terror which the guns, reverberating among the Purbeck hills, arouse in him. And I am afraid that the secret of his fear—so pathetic to behold—must lie in memories beyond my curing: in some episode in his now remote and, to us, unknown youth, in the days before, a wandering, starving stray, he found us on the wild cliffs. And watching him listening intently for the cruel thunder to begin beyond the encircling hills, and trying to comfort and reassure him as he seeks cover in the cellar or under the stairs, it is easy to guess what that memory was and

which the growing intensity of modern old age have brought back to this little animal. Something must have happened in those days of war that may well have accounted for the otherwise inexplicable mystery eleven years ago of such beautiful and gentle manners in a hungry, mangy, neglected stray. It was something that must have happened to many a bewildered dog in England's blitzed cities: the roaring from the skies, the shaking streets and houses, the sudden and disintegrating thunder and fire that, in a flash and cascade of falling masonry and rubble robbed a little creature, with as great a capacity for love and fidelity as any human, of all it had known and loved. And I suspect that it is that memory that causes my dog, when he lies cowering in the cellar against the thundering terror above, to emerge every few minutes from his shelter and hurry, shuddering and trembling, into the room where his foolish master, disregarding all warnings, sits at his work, to assure himself that he is still alive, and to implore him to take shelter before the tragedy of old is re-enacted.

THE POLYNESIAN QUEEN WHO WON BRITISH HEARTS.



WAIVING FAREWELL TO LONDON: QUEEN SALOTE OF TONGA, G.B.E., WHO HAS NOW CONCLUDED HER CORONATION VISIT TO BRITAIN AND WILL ENTERTAIN HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH II. IN TONGA ON DECEMBER 20.

Queen Salote of Tonga, whose portrait in the Coronation procession was published in "The Illustrated London News" of June 13, left Britain on July 8, and is travelling in Europe before returning to the Tonga or Friendly Islands of which she is Sovereign. Queen Elizabeth II. is due to visit Queen Salote on December 20 in the course of her Australasian tour. During her visit to Britain Queen Salote travelled to Scotland, the Lake District and Northern Ireland, and carried out many engagements, including a visit to the British and Foreign Bible Society. She also made a recorded broadcast to her people in Tongan and in English describing her impressions of the Coronation. Queen Salote succeeded to the throne of Tonga, which is now a British Protectorate, on the death of her father, George II., in 1918. On another page we illustrate the new issue of Tongan stamps which were put on sale on July 1 to replace the set issued in 1897. Queen Salote took a personal interest in their subject and format, and it is believed to be on her instructions that the tortoise watermark symbolising the tortoise presented to the Protectorate by Captain Cook (who anchored in Ha'apai in May 1770) was re-introduced. Scenes from the three main island groups are shown on the new stamps.

earlier in Hyde Park on the morning of Queen Elizabeth's Proclamation, he gave one terrified look and fled to the cellar. A few minutes later, covered with coal dust, he emerged and, panting with anxiety, started to circle round my legs. All day, while the bombardment lasted, he continued to alternate between furious digging and scrabbling in cupboards and dark corners, and trotting, like a crazy automaton, round me. Work became virtually impossible, for, apart from the agony of seeing a faithful and beloved friend in such a plight, whenever I started to settle myself to my task, he would fling himself into my lap and lie there panting and trembling, until out of sympathy I found myself trembling too. If I moved to fetch a book or a folder of notes, he would run in circles between my legs, bringing me more than once crashing to the ground. Nor would the poor creature, usually so full of intelligence and sensitivity and eager for every pleasurable experience, pay the slightest attention to the familiar heralds of his favourite treats; the sight of his lead and the magic word

THE QUEEN MOTHER AND PRINCESS MARGARET
IN RHODESIA: SCENES IN BULAWAYO AND LUVEVE.



AT THE RHODES CENTENARY EXHIBITION IN BULAWAYO: A MODEL OF THE OWEN FALLS HYDRO-ELECTRIC PROJECT WHICH THE QUEEN IS TO OPEN NEXT YEAR.



ADDRESSING AN ENTHUSIASTIC CROWD OF 25,000 PEOPLE: QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER AS SHE OFFICIALLY OPENED THE RHODES CENTENARY EXHIBITION ON JULY 3.



(ABOVE.) AT THE UNION OF SOUTH AFRICA PAVILION AT THE RHODES EXHIBITION: QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER AND PRINCESS MARGARET ARE FASCINATED BY AN EXHIBIT WHICH ANSWERS QUESTIONS WHEN BUTTONS ARE PRESSED.



(ABOVE.) TYPICAL OF THE INTEREST WHICH THE QUEEN MOTHER AND PRINCESS MARGARET TOOK IN EVERY DETAIL OF THEIR TOUR: THE ROYAL VISITORS WATCHING A XYLOPHONE PLAYER IN THE MOZAMBIQUE TIMBILA BAND AT LUVEVE.



TOURING THE RHODES EXHIBITION: PRINCESS MARGARET, ESCORTED BY SIR GODFREY HUGGINS, THE PRIME MINISTER OF SOUTHERN RHODESIA.



STROKING AND FONDLING A LIVELY EXHIBIT IN THE UGANDA PAVILION AT THE EXHIBITION: PRINCESS MARGARET, WHOSE DELIGHT IN THE LEOPARD CUB PLEASED THE QUEEN MOTHER (RIGHT).



LEAVING THE THEATRE ROYAL AT THE EXHIBITION: THE ROYAL VISITORS WHO ATTENDED A GALA PERFORMANCE WHICH INCLUDED THE HALLÉ ORCHESTRA.

On Friday, July 3, Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother officially opened the Rhodes Centenary Exhibition before a crowd of 25,000 people in the Queen's Ground, Bulawayo. The Queen Mother prefaced her address to the largest crowd ever gathered in Bulawayo by reading a message which the Queen had specially charged her to deliver. In her speech, in which she paid tribute to Cecil Rhodes and his work, the Queen Mother said: "To-day you have in this remarkable exhibition a picture of the wonderful progress that has been achieved" since

Rhodes opened up unknown tracts of Africa. The Queen Mother and Princess Margaret visited the Exhibition for the second time on the following day, when they devoted the morning to a further tour of the pavilions. Throughout their crowded tour of Rhodesia the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret showed a keen interest in all whom they met and in everything they saw, and so unstintingly did they give themselves to the full programme that the Queen Mother even added further engagements which were not included in the original plan.



(TOP, LEFT) THE QUEEN MOTHER AND PRINCESS MARGARET AT THE SIDE OF CECIL RHODES' GRAVE IN THE MATOPO HILLS ON JULY 5. (TOP, RIGHT) THE QUEEN MOTHER, FOLLOWED BY THE GOVERNOR OF SOUTHERN RHODESIA AND LADY KENNEDY, AT LEOPARD ROCK HOTEL, VUMBA MOUNTAINS, ON JULY 8. (BOTTOM, LEFT) THE QUEEN MOTHER AFTER UNVEILING THE FAIRBRIDGE MEMORIAL, UMTALI; AND (BOTTOM, RIGHT), PRINCESS MARGARET SIGNING THE VISITORS' BOOK, AT UMTALI. THE QUEEN MOTHER IS SHOWN, BACK TO THE CAMERA.

THE ROYAL TOUR IN SOUTHERN RHODESIA : THE QUEEN MOTHER AND PRINCESS MARGARET AT RHODES' GRAVE, AND AT UMTALI.

On July 5, the 100th anniversary of the birth of Cecil Rhodes, founder of Rhodesia, Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret joined the procession of pilgrims to the grave of Rhodes on the top of a rocky hill in the Matopos, and took part in the singing of "Land of Our Fathers" with which the graveside service began. The many wreaths on the grave included those from her Majesty the Queen Mother, Princess Margaret and American Rhodes Scholars. On July 8

the Queen Mother and the Princess received a great welcome at Umtali, where their engagements included the unveiling by the Queen Mother of the Fairbridge Memorial. Later the Royal ladies drove to Leopard Rock Hotel. Princess Margaret's cold prevented her from accompanying her Majesty on the remainder of her tour. She returned to Salisbury by air, but was able to resume her programme when the Queen Mother arrived in Salisbury on July 12.



(ABOVE.) SHOWING THE TYPE OF REBEL IN ANNAM, AGAINST WHOM THE FRENCH ARE CAMPAIGNING: PRISONERS TAKEN BY FRENCH COMMANDOS IN THE OPERATION "POITIERS ET MOSELLE."

THE war in Indo-China on which France has been engaged for seven years, is a grave and continuous strain on her resources. In an article on another page, Captain Cyril Falls refers to his belief that it is essential that France should receive more help from her allies in carrying on the conflict. At the time of writing it is not known if M. Bidault took any definite proposals on this important point with him to Washington. But at a Paris Cabinet meeting on the eve of his departure, the report on the situation by [Continued below.

(RIGHT.) WITH A BURNING REBEL VILLAGE IN THE BACKGROUND: FRENCH TROOPS IN AMPHIBIOUS CRAFT DURING THE "OPERATION ARDENNES" WHICH TOOK PLACE BETWEEN MAY 19-24, NORTH OF CAMAU.



CARRYING THEIR EQUIPMENT ON THEIR HEADS: FRENCH TROOPS IN THE DISTRICT NORTH OF CAMAU, COCHIN-CHINA, CROSSING A DEEP STREAM DURING THE "OPERATION ARDENNES."



AN ENGAGEMENT BETWEEN FRENCH UNION TROOPS AND COMMUNIST REBELS IN A VILLAGE SOUTH OF HAIPHONG: THE ACTION AMONG THE THATCHED HUTS TOOK PLACE IN JUNE.

FACETS OF THE WAR AGAINST COMMUNISTS IN INDO-CHINA: A LONG-DRAWN STRAIN ON THE RESOURCES OF FRANCE.

Continued. The Commander-in-Chief, General Navarre, was studied. The French Army is convinced that the military situation calls for the use of more white troops. General O'Daniel, head of the U.S. Military Mission in Indo-China, is, it is understood, of the opinion that the Viet Name people could find the necessary



DURING THE OPERATION "POITIERS ET MOSELLE" BETWEEN JUNE 7 AND 10: A FRENCH OFFICER AND NATIVE TROOPS APPROACHING A VILLAGE TO THE NORTH OF THANH HOA.

potential for a successful conclusion to the campaign by forces of the French Union and Associated States. It has been reported—but not confirmed—that Chinese Communist troops have joined Viet Minh forces in Indo-China. For some years Chinese advisers in a passive rôle have been with the Viet Minh.

ONE of the tragedies and perplexities of the modern world is caused by the sickness, political, financial and moral, of France. The word is not too strong and, if it comes from a German, that German is a friendly as well as a far-sighted critic, Dr. Adenauer. We must all of us wish good fortune to the Government of M. Lanier, but we can not forget the difficulty and delay found in forming any Government at all, or that this is the fourteenth formed under the Fourth Republic. Nor can we avoid the impression that it embodies no more concrete national policy than its recent predecessors. If the constitution does not work, we can say only that practically-minded Frenchmen must have realised when it was in the process of creation that this would be the case, and yet differences and selfishness were too strong for it to be produced in a viable form. If the fiscal system hardly works, with the consequence that the finances are in chaos, we have to note that the mildest attempt at reform in any direction is at once stifled by conflicting interests and inertia. If the people are apathetic and cynical about politics, we have to confess that the politicians set them no good example and give them no inspiration.

The other side of the medal is more encouraging. At base the country is not unprosperous. In some ways it is extremely vigorous. Though the moral wounds of war and of defeat remain unhealed, the physical recovery has been remarkable. Agriculture, industry, communications, public health—in these and other directions notable progress has been made. In many respects French taste still sets standards for the world. In literature and more particularly the drama, the level is higher than in our own country. Here, however, some observers see another warning of ill-health. Two alternative views can be taken in this field, neither of them encouraging. Either a large proportion of the literary world, or the society which it depicts and analyses, must be touched by decadence. It can only be hoped that the decay predominates in the former rather than in the latter.

For generations France has been weakened politically by the multiplicity of parties and the lack of machinery by which an appeal can be made to the electorate in case of stalemate. The machinery has not been improved and the party confusion has become even worse, not because parties have increased in numbers, but because they have shown even less fidelity to alliances and even more selfishness than used to be the case. M. Lanier is a worthy man, with a fine record. He may also prove himself a strong man. Yet it is no secret that he has been given his chance because more likely candidates were held to be too strong, because—horrible prospect!—it was possible that they would do something. To many legislators, and it seems to a considerable proportion of the electorate, the continuation of abuses is preferable to action of any sort, because action can hardly fail to be disturbing to some section. An inactive Government which at most trims the ship of State has something to recommend it in times of undisturbed prosperity and general peace.

For a long period the Government of the United States worked on lines of this sort and probably contributed to the expansion of the nation by avoiding interference with it. No country can with safety go ungoverned to-day.

The financial situation bears a strong resemblance to the political. Tax avoidance by some sections of the community is the cause of flagrant injustice to other sections which are unable to practise the art. It is a crippling handicap to many branches of industry. The system of the assessment by the fisc on the basis of the taxpayer's manner of life is ludicrous. The well-to-do family which lives in a small house and drives a ten-year-old car may have twice the income and pay half the tax of a family which lives up to its means without subterfuge. Yet here again the would-be reformer is faced by a blank wall of prejudice. It is true that he is an unusual figure, but at least one recent Minister of Finance did advance some modest projects of reform. Again and again he was out-voted, till finally little or nothing remained of his proposals. The attitude of the politicians—and, there is no reason to doubt, of the majority of those whom they represented—was that the maintenance of corruption, injustice, inefficiency and a perpetual budgetary deficit was preferable to disturbance. In any case, tax avoidance is most prevalent in the farming interest, and there is hardly a party which is not terrified of any attempt to make it pay its share.

In Europe the policy of successive Governments—and, if there have been many Governments, there have been few Ministers of Foreign Affairs—has been that France should play her full part in the defence of the West. This means that she should do all in her power to prevent war by defensive preparations designed to make an aggressor hesitate to involve himself in it, and that she should fight if war were forced upon her and her allies. Yet a large section of the community not merely dreads war, as others do, but refuses to

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. DILEMMAS OF THE FOURTH FRENCH REPUBLIC.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

contemplate its possibility. It says, in effect, that France will never fight, because she is too weak in power and will to do so. So it busies itself looking for a miracle to make fighting out of the question. For the moment it thinks it may have found this in the changed attitude of Russia since the death of Stalin. France is probably more scared of Germany, even of Western Germany alone, than of Russia. In an

her of a much larger share of her burden in Indo-China, where matters have been getting steadily worse since the death of Marshal de Lattre de Tassigny. Coupled with this demand is the veiled suggestion that, in default of such increased aid, France will have no alternative but to enter into negotiations with Viet Minh. It is not a pretty prospect, because the military situation has so gravely deteriorated that

French representatives would now go into conference with the enemy virtually without bargaining power and the upshot would almost certainly be betrayal of those natives of the country who have done the best service on the side of France and the Associated States. Already material aid on a big scale has been given by the United States. An American military mission has gone to Saigon, but its chief, Lieut.-General O'Daniel, has stated that it has not been asked to participate in the strategy and has not sought to.

Writing here previously on this topic, I expressed the opinion that there were objections to the aid of American forces in Indo-China which did not apply to aid in equipment. France has a case for her policy and action in Indo-China, one which has been recognised by great numbers of the people of the country. She has pledged herself to its freedom within the French Union. The Americans do well to hesitate about intervening with their forces. Apart from objections such as the expenditure at a time when they are intent on cutting down military costs rather than expanding them, this action might fan the fires of the war. It would provide material for propaganda on the ground that Asiatic liberties were being suppressed by white men to serve the ends of "power politics." All recognise the dilemma in which the French Army finds itself in Europe by reason of the drain on its officers and under-officers caused by the demands of the Indo-Chinese war. Here, however, the proposed remedy might be worse than the disease.

The essential weakness of France is not directly attributable to Governments and its basic seat is not in the French armed forces. It is to be found in public opinion. Visitors are disturbed and shocked in talking to representative French people to find that all Governments are treated as weak on the one hand and "*voleurs*" on the other. No party appears to enjoy much prestige even with its own supporters. People regard the problems of defence as outside their concern, always excepting the cost, so far as that is not borne by the United States, whose aid is accepted ungraciously. It is hard to think of any democratic country in which so large a proportion of the people are indifferent to the Government. A considerable body of opinion is hostile to the view that France is any longer a great country. On the other hand, especially in North Africa, at least as large a section is insistent upon the maintenance of French control and prouder of the French rôle here than in Indo-China.

It may be that these ills belong to the aftermath of the war and that they are worse in France than in most other countries because the shock then encountered was so violent. No one who

contemplates France can doubt that in her blood healthy corpuscles are putting up a strong fight against the moribund. Her Civil Service has done all in its power to keep the political and economic machine working smoothly, despite the weakness of successive Governments and the absence of a Government over startlingly long periods. Her junior military officers, underpaid and overworked, display energy, intelligence and devotion to duty. The personnel of her National Assembly includes a number of men of a quality as high as French politics have produced within living memory. Were they afforded a fair chance, some of these would undoubtedly prove able leaders and sound administrators. But the man who tries to lead, however democratic he may be, is politically strangled by jealousy and partisanship. The Ministry of Foreign Affairs has striven for consistency and would have achieved it had the Governments and the country been more firmly united.

Many of the difficulties and dangers which beset the world to-day are due to the vacuum which has been created by the inability or refusal of France to fill her proper place. She may retain this intellectually, but at the moment she is not holding it morally. The world may, in the long run, adapt itself to doing without her if this state of affairs continues, but at present it is finding that impossible. On the sentimental side alone this is tragic in British eyes; for, since the day Philip Sidney wrote of the "Sweet enemy France," all that

is best in our culture has drawn inspiration from France. From the practical point of view, however, the need for France is even more insistent. The fundamental strength and capacity are assuredly there. What is needed above all is some relatively simple reforms to render these qualities effective, accompanied by a return to the old sense of national responsibility. These remedies for the present plight of France have been too long delayed, yet there still appears to be no overwhelming reason why they should not even now be put into effect.



INDICATING THE DIFFICULTIES OF THE COUNTRY IN WHICH FRENCH FORCES ARE WAGING WAR IN INDO-CHINA: MEN CROSSING A DEEP JUNGLE STREAM, NORTH OF CAMAU, COCHIN-CHINA.

It has been estimated that the Communist-equipped Viet Minh forces which have been engaged in combat with the French in northern Viet Nam for seven years, and last spring switched a strong offensive southwards into the French Union Kingdom of Laos, includes 110,000 striking force regulars; 65,000 regional garrison troops and 105,000 guerrillas. On the French side there are the young Viet Namee army of 160,000 and nearly 300,000 French and colonial troops, including air force and naval personnel.



THE WAR IN INDO-CHINA: A COMMANDO OF THE FRENCH UNION FORCES AND HIS MASCOT.

In the article on this page Captain Falls discusses the dilemmas of the Fourth French Republic and writes of the necessity for the allies of France to "relieve her of a much larger share of her burden in Indo-China, where matters have been getting steadily worse since the death of Marshal de Lattre de Tassigny." Our photograph shows a Commando of the French Union Forces which have recently been engaged in "Operation Poitiers et Moselle" to the north of Thanh Hoa, Annam; with his bird mascot.

attempt to render an armed Germany less capable of evil-doing France created the ideas of the European Defence Community and the European Army. When they showed some faint signs of materialising, she proceeded to do her best to kill them and has probably succeeded in this.

In the field of foreign affairs there exists one subject on which all parties except the Communists now appear to be agreed. This represents the only item in a national policy which is readily recognisable. It is, in brief, that the allies of France must relieve

PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



DISMISSED FROM HIS POST OF SOVIET MINISTER OF INTERNAL AFFAIRS AND DISGRACED : MR. L. P. BERIA.
On July 10 it was announced that Mr. L. P. Beria, Soviet Deputy Prime Minister and Minister of Internal Affairs, had been dismissed, publicly disgraced and accused of being "the people's enemy" who aimed at undermining the Soviet State in the interest of foreign capital. He was appointed chief of the secret police in 1938, and as late as June 10 was referred to in *Pravda* as one of the "three pillars of the Soviet State."

His fall may be a result of the East German revolt.



BEN HOGAN, NEW BRITISH OPEN GOLF CHAMPION, AND HOLDER OF THE AMERICAN OPEN TITLE.

Ben Hogan (Tamarisk, U.S.A.), who won his fourth American Open Championship this year, won the British Open at Carnoustie on July 10, with two final rounds of 70 and 68, making his total 286. He is the third American to hold the British and U.S. Open titles simultaneously.



APPOINTED SOVIET MINISTER OF INTERNAL AFFAIRS IN PLACE OF MR. BERIA : GENERAL S. N. KRUGLOV.
Appointed Minister of Internal Affairs and head of the Security Police in place of Mr. Beria, General Kruglov was born in 1900 and joined the Bolshevik Party when aged eighteen. In the security police during the 1936 and 1938 purges, he was Minister of Internal Affairs in 1946. He was made an Hon. K.B.E. for supervising the security of Sir Winston Churchill and Mr. Roosevelt at Yalta, and of the Allied leaders at Potsdam.



D. A. G. PIRIE, WHO BROKE THE SIX-MILE WORLD RECORD AT THE A.A.A. CHAMPIONSHIPS.
D. A. G. Pirie on July 10 brought back the six-mile world record to this country after twenty-three years with the time of 28 mins. 19 4 secs., and on the following day, also at the A.A.A. Championships, achieved a best championship performance by winning the three miles with 13 mins. 43 4 secs.



A GREAT BRITISH MOTORING VICTORY IN THE ENDURANCE TEST AT RHEIMS ON JUNE 5 : STIRLING MOSS AND PETER WHITEHEAD,
Stirling Moss and Peter Whitehead won the twelve-hours endurance test at Rheims on June 5 in a Jaguar. They covered 1265 miles, averaging 105·416 m.p.h. This victory follows the recent Jaguar triumph in the twenty-four-hour race at Le Mans.



WINNING THE ONE MILE AT THE A.A.A. CHAMPIONSHIPS : R. G. BANNISTER.
R. G. Bannister, who set up the record for the mile at Iffley last May with 4 mins. 36 secs., won the mile at the A.A.A. Championships at the White City with 4 mins. 52 secs., doing the last lap in 58 secs. This is a best championship performance, though short of his own previous records.



THE LEADER OF THE EVEREST EXPEDITION WELCOMED HOME IN HIS OWN VILLAGE : COLONEL JOHN HUNT'S TRIUMPHAL RETURN TO LLANFAIR-WATERDINE.

When Colonel John Hunt returned home on July 5 he was pulled up the hill to his house, Weir Cottage, in a governess cart filled with rose petals. The village of Llanfair-Waterdine was decorated, and a presentation cake, iced by the vicar and surmounted by a Mount Everest in sugar, awaited him at his house.



SHERPA TENZING ENTERTAINED BY THE HIGH COMMISSIONER FOR INDIA AND MRS. KHER : CUTTING A "MOUNT EVEREST" CAKE, WATCHED BY HIS WIFE AND DAUGHTER NIMA.
The Sherpa Tensing, who with Hillary climbed to the summit of Mt. Everest, was the guest of honour at an India House reception given on July 6 by the High Commissioner for India and Mrs. Kher. Tensing cut the "Mount Everest" cake surmounted by tiny figures representing him and Hillary.

VICTORIAN LIFE THROUGH THE EYES OF ITS ARTISTS.

"PAINTERS OF THE VICTORIAN SCENE"; By GRAHAM REYNOLDS.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

MR. GRAHAM REYNOLDS has already established himself as a scholarly and fresh-minded historian of various branches of English art. He is now Deputy Keeper in charge of Paintings at the Victoria and Albert Museum. It is his duty there to look after a large collection

The grossness of the Dutch *genre* painters, he says, would have been unthinkable at the period; as also the drunken revels of Hogarth and Rowlandson. In painting, that is; however self-controlled and gracious the Victorian age may appear, in its fashionable art, 'Arry and 'Arriet did revel on Hampstead Heath, and drunken excesses were not unknown in any walk of life. Life, in its variety, went on, as it does now, when a great deal of current "art" bears no relation, not merely to selected aspects of social existence and thought, but to anything normal at all.

It is interesting that he brackets Orchardson and Tissot as painters who will endure with Millais. Tissot was certainly an exquisite painter as well as an enchanting recorder of life on the river and elsewhere. And the merits of Orchardson (that dreadful thing, in his prime, a successful Academician) must in the end be realised. It is true that he saw life through gamboge-coloured spectacles; but sodid Van Goyen, and it hasn't gone against him in the long run. One

MR. GRAHAM REYNOLDS, THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE.

Mr. Graham Reynolds was born in 1914 and educated at Highgate School, Queens' College, Cambridge, and Cologne University, where he studied the history of art. In 1937 he was appointed to the staff of the Victoria and Albert Museum, and since 1946 he has been Deputy Keeper in charge of Paintings. He is the author of a number of other books on aspects of British art.

of nineteenth-century pictures, many of them early, which, in point of period, kind and number has no rival elsewhere in London—or, so far as I know, anywhere else. Either his interest drew him to the job, or the job aroused his interest; at any rate, his interest is keen and, with him, the result was bound to be a book, and a book of this kind.

As it is of this kind—a book about *genre* painting—he was bound to find himself inclined (in Patmore's phrase) "to love the lovely that are not beloved"—in other words, works which are neither masterpieces, nor of a sort in fashion, but yet have valuable qualities of their own. Had he been writing an eclectic history of the period's paintings of all kinds he might have included Constable and Turner, who were nearly contemporaries of his earlier artists, Wilkie and Haydon, Mulready and Witherington, as well as other

Mr. Reynolds's introduction and biographical notes cover the ground extremely well. On occasion he fights sturdily for the men of whom he writes. There came a time when all the young lions attacked the Royal Academy, on the ground that its exhibits were anecdotal: "every picture tells a story," was the charge. "When," says Mr. Reynolds,

"the progress of the *Aesthetic* Movement brought the doctrines of significant form in due time into the twentieth-century world, the paintings of Fildes lay conveniently at hand as a scapegoat for outraged doctrinaire. This accident has forced *The Doctor* (Fig. 85) into an undesirable eminence as one of the most adversely criticised pictures of recent years. Of course it is not art, says Mr. Clive Bell, and he adds the rather surprising rider that it is sentimental. Only an age terrified of emotion in any guise could have mistaken the genuine compassion in this picture for sentimentality rather than sentiment. It is certainly highly realistic in method, and we may well boggle at the reflection that a complete cottage room had to be erected in the painter's studio to make the painting of the scene possible. But if we are to exclude from art all themes in which there is a question of life and death, and human emotions depending upon the issue of an illness, we shall find ourselves rejecting Shakespeare and Turgenev, to say nothing of Rembrandt and Van Gogh."

As for "storytelling," almost all Italians

would be ruled out if it were banned; as for "representationalism," everybody until the day before yesterday. When shall we see an end of these gutless fads? A Mr. Reynolds of a hundred years hence will certainly find more suitable (and better drawn and painted) memorials of our time in the works of Messrs. Campbell Taylor, Fred Elwell and Spencelay than in those much-publicised and expensive works which look like bad dreams or shattered window-panes and are yet given "representational" titles like "Torso of Mme. X" or "Fish Climbing Escalator."

Mr. Reynolds, born in the reign of George V., seems to shrink from his Age in some ways. Commenting on Samuel Butler's "Family Prayers" he refers to "the narrow and cruel hypocrisy of Victorian family life" and (elsewhere) to "the all-pervading incubus of family life." I will not go so far as to say that if the parent doesn't possess a cane the child is likely to use a cosh; but I can't see



"A SIMPLE AND MOVING STUDY OF A WIDOW MAKING A CONTRIBUTION TO A HOSPITAL FOR CONSUMPTIVES": "A WIDOW'S MITE," BY SIR JOHN MILLAIS.

Reproduced by courtesy of the City of Birmingham Art Gallery.

thing noticeable amongst almost all these painters of human themes, public or private, is that, though they seemed to themselves poles apart when living, they have grown closer with the lapse of time, and have the affinity of an age, as even Jan Steen has with Rembrandt. Frith, painter of "Derby Day," "hated" (we are told) Pre-Raphaelitism. But how akin, in minuteness of detail, realism and brilliance of colour,



"WAITING FOR 'THE TIMES,' THE MORNING AFTER THE DEBATE ON REFORM, 8 OCT., 1831"; BY B. R. HAYDON.

Reproduced by courtesy of The Times Publishing Company.

anything noxious about family prayers. However, the ghastly menace of family life seems to be rapidly shrinking.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 116 of this issue

A TYPICAL VICTORIAN BOOK ILLUSTRATION: "LIGHT"—AN ILLUSTRATION TO 'DICKENS' "BLEAK HOUSE," 1853, BY HABLOT K. BROWNE ("PHIZ").

Illustrations reproduced from the book reviewed; by courtesy of the Publisher, B. T. Batsford Ltd.

landscape masters in oil and water-colour, and certain portrait painters. But his eye is bent in one direction only. "It is," he says, "the purpose of this book to assemble and discuss a body of reproductions of pictures in which the contemporary Victorian scene is portrayed with recognisable exactness. The paintings which are reviewed in the following pages have therefore been chosen in the first instance for their descriptive quality rather than their aesthetic merit. By the side of Millais, Orchardson and Tissot, who will bulk large in any final assessment of Victorian painting, artists are represented here who can only hope for an obscure niche in history: one or two even are amateurs, or scarcely attained to the usual level of professional competence of their time. Just as a portrait gives us insight into a man's character, the portrait of an age's external appearance reveals its inner qualities. The result in the case of the Victorian age is sharply to emphasise its difference, in manner and aspect, from the eighteenth century on the one hand and the twentieth century on the other. If ever an age were lavishly documented, it is the Victorian age; and its pictorial documentation fits consistently with the novels, the social surveys and the biographies of the period to show us a way of living measurably different from its predecessors and successors. Even allowing for the rose-tinted spectacles worn by many artists, the impression given by these pictures is that of an age of order, self-control, material prosperity, external graciousness of aspect, and rigid class distinction."

* "Painters of the Victorian Scene." By Graham Reynolds. Four Colour Plates; 110 Plates in Monochrome and 18 Line Illustrations. (Batsford: 42s.)

AN OPEN PRISON IN BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.



A DORMITORY IN THE "PRISON WITHOUT BARS" AT GRENDON HALL, GRENDON UNDERWOOD, BUCKS: IT ACCOMMODATES SOME 125 MEN, WHO ARE HOUSED IN HUTMENTS.



TRANSFORMED AND EQUIPPED FOR USE AS A "PRISON WITHOUT BARS": GRENDON HALL, BUCKS—A FRONT VIEW, WITH PRISONERS WORKING ON THE LAWNS.



WHERE OPPORTUNITIES FOR ENJOYING LIGHT NOVELS, MAGAZINES OR MORE SERIOUS READING ARE AVAILABLE: THE LIBRARY AT GRENDON HALL, WITH INMATES.

Grendon Hall, a large country house in Buckinghamshire, standing in extensive grounds, was opened in January 1953 as a prison without bars, known as a "minimum security" prison, for some 125 men who have either served no previous sentence or are still considered trainable, and likely to prove worthy of the responsibility of open conditions. The house has, naturally, been suitably altered and equipped for its new use, and the inmates occupy hutments in the grounds. Protests against the establishment of the prison voiced by the people of Grendon Underwood and Edgcott, two adjacent villages, last September were overruled by the authorities.

HIGH PRICES IN THE AUCTION ROOM.

High prices were obtained at the sale of paintings by Old Masters at Christie's on Friday, July 10. The lots included works sold by the order of the Marquess of Zetland. Among these, the "River Scene with Men-o'-War," by Cuyp (which had been seen at the Dutch Exhibition at the Royal Academy last winter) fetched 6500 guineas. The series formerly in the first Lord Iveagh's collection sold by order of the executors of the late Mr. Arthur Ernest Guinness, included the Gainsborough we illustrate, which was at one time in the Wertheimer collection; the Gabriel Metsu of "A Tavern Interior," a celebrated and well-documented work which fetched 7000 guineas; and the charming Gainsborough reproduced.



SOLD AT CHRISTIE'S FOR 6500 GUINEAS: "A RIVER SCENE WITH MEN-O'-WAR, SUNSET"; BY AELBERT CUYP (1605-1691). SIGNED. (42 by 78 ins.)



SOLD FOR 7000 GUINEAS: "A TAVERN INTERIOR"; BY GABRIEL METSU (1630-1667). A WELL-DOCUMENTED PAINTING ETCHED BY LEFORT. (On panel 14 by 12 ins.)



SOLD FOR 5000 GUINEAS AT CHRISTIE'S: "A PEASANT DRIVING CATTLE AND SHEEP ON A SANDY ROAD"; BY THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH, R.A. (1727-1787). (21½ by 29½ ins.)

LONDON CEREMONIES, SPORT, DISCOVERY AND A MOUNTAIN CONQUERED.



LEADER OF THE GERMAN-AUSTRIAN TEAM WHICH CONQUERED THE HIMALAYAN PEAK, NANGA PARBAT : HERR ASCHENBRENNER.



SEEN FROM NEAR GULMARG : NANGA PARBAT (26,629 FT.), THE DANGEROUS HIMALAYAN PEAK, FROM AN ELEVATION OF SOME 9000 FT., LOOKING LIKE A FLOATING CASTLE.
Herr H. Buhl, an Austrian member of the German-Austrian team led by Herr Aschenbrenner, reached the summit of Nanga Parbat on July 4. Herr Aschenbrenner is one of the two European survivors of the tragedy of Nanga Parbat in 1934, when nine lives were lost at 25,600 ft. Many lives have been lost in other attempts, mostly by German teams.



THE AUSTRIAN CLIMBER WHO REACHED THE SUMMIT OF NANGA PARBAT ON JULY 4 : HERR HERMANN BUHL.



THE LORD MAYOR, SIR RUPERT DE LA BÈRE, RIDING FROM THE MANSION HOUSE TO SKINNERS' HALL. HE IS ACCCOMPANIED BY THE CITY MARSHAL, AND INSPECTOR BELEC, CANADIAN MOUNTED POLICE. "THE MOUNTIES" SUPPLIED HORSES AND ESCORT.



PRECEDED BY OFFICIALS CEREMONIALLY SWEEPING THE STREETS WITH BIRCH BROOMS, IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE ANCIENT CUSTOM : THE VINTNERS' COMPANY PROCESSION TO ST. JAMES'S CHURCH, GARLICKHITHE, FOR THEIR ANNUAL SERVICE ON JULY 9.



LEYS SCHOOL, CAMBRIDGE, TEAM WON THE ASHBURTON SHIELD, THE CHAMPIONSHIP PRIZE FOR PUBLIC SCHOOL CADET CONTINGENTS, AT BISLEY ON JULY 9, WITH AN AGGREGATE OF 508. CHARTERHOUSE WERE SECOND WITH 505, AND ALL HALLOWS THIRD WITH 504. THE RANGES FIRED OVER WERE 200 AND 500 YARDS; AND THE CONTEST TOOK PLACE IN A THUNDERSTORM.



THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON, SIR RUPERT DE LA BÈRE, RECENTLY VISITED THE CHURCH OF ST. BRIDE'S, FLEET STREET, WHERE MANY ARCHAEOLOGICAL DISCOVERIES HAVE BEEN MADE DURING THE EXCAVATIONS NECESSARY BEFORE THE RECONSTRUCTION AFTER BOMBING CAN BEGIN. OUR PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS HIM WITH MR. W. F. GRIMES, DIRECTOR OF THE LONDON MUSEUM (CENTRE), AND THE REV. CYRIL M. ARMITAGE, EXAMINING AN ANCIENT TILE.

AIR, LAND AND WATER: ITEMS NAVAL, MOTORING AND AERONAUTIC.



U.S. ICEBREAKERS AT WORK, ATTEMPTING TO FORCE A MID-WINTER PASSAGE TO NOME, ALASKA : LEADING, THE U.S. COAST GUARD CUTTER NORTHWIND : FOLLOWING, THE U.S.S. BURTON ISLAND. These two photographs were taken during a forty-seven-day experimental expedition of two American ice-breaking cutters off the Alaska coasts. These were sister-ships—the *Northwind* of the U.S. Coast Guard and the *Burton Island* of the U.S. Navy. During the war and afterwards, *Northwind* and other sister craft were lent to Russia by the United States. All are of 3500 tons displacement.



THE U.S. COAST GUARD ICEBREAKER NORTHWIND CALLING ON ALL HER AVAILABLE POWER TO BREAK THROUGH A PRESSURE RIDGE OF ICE IN THE BERING SEA.



THE WORLD'S FIRST CRESCENT-WINGED BOMBER—THE HANDLEY-PAGE VICTOR, WHICH WAS TO MAKE ITS PUBLIC DÉBUT DURING THE CORONATION REVIEW ON JULY 15. Since its maiden flight on Christmas Eve, 1952, the Handley-Page *Victor* has been carrying out a series of exhaustive tests; and it was appointed to make its first public appearance in the fly-past the Queen in the R.A.F.'s Coronation Review on July 15. Its revolutionary shape enables it to cruise at high altitudes with near-sonic speed. It has four *Sapphire* jet engines.



THE NEW DUAL-CONTROL VERSION OF THE AVRO DELTA-WING RESEARCH AIRCRAFT, A VERSION CALLED THE AVRO 707C, WHICH RECENTLY MADE ITS FIRST FLIGHT. This is the third version of the Avro delta-wing research aircraft. The first type, 707A, was a high-speed type; the second, 707B, for low-speed flying. The latest, 707C, with dual controls, is to enable pilots to become familiar with handling aircraft of this design. It is powered with a Rolls-Royce *Derwent* turbojet and made its first flight on July 1.



CELEBRATING A LANDMARK IN THE GERMAN VOLKSWAGEN PRODUCTION DRIVE: A GIANT ROULETTE WHEEL, WITH PRIZES OF FIVE CARS FOR VOLKSWAGEN EMPLOYEES.

On July 3 the Volkswagen works at Wolfsburg, Germany, celebrated the production of the 500,000th Volkswagen car since the war. All employees received a ticket which gave them a chance in the monster roulette shown, the prizes being five Volkswagens. Export to Great Britain has now started again, for the first time in fifteen years.



THE AIRCRAFT-CARRIER H.M.S. GLORY ARRIVING AT PORTSMOUTH WITH HER PAYING-OFF PENNANT FLYING, AFTER LONG SERVICE IN THE MEDITERRANEAN AND THE FAR EAST.

On July 7 H.M.S. *Glory* (Captain E. D. G. Lewin, R.N.) arrived at Portsmouth after steaming 167,500 miles in nearly two-and-a-half years. The ship's company are to be given additional leave for their arduous service in the Korean War, in which twenty-one officers and men lost their lives. She was greeted with a "Welcome Home" message from Admiral Sir J. Edelsten, C.-in-C. Portsmouth.



REPLACING WOOD ATTACKED BY DEATH-WATCH BEETLE : A PRE-CAST CONCRETE CEILING IN A STAIRCASE CHAMBER LEADING FROM UPPER SCHOOL AND THE CHAPEL AT ETON COLLEGE. THE CEILING HAS AN EXPOSED AGGREGATE FINISH AND IS EASY TO MAINTAIN AND RESISTANT TO DECAY.

A LONDON ROYAL OCCASION, AND A N.A.T.O. CHANGE-OVER, ART AND ARCHITECTURE, AND BEE-SWARMS AND PIGEONS.



"THE RICKSHAW BOY": ONE OF THE PAINTINGS BY THE LATE ALFRED PALMER, R.O.I., IN A CURRENT MEMORIAL EXHIBITION OF HIS WORK AT THE R.B.A. GALLERIES IN SUFFOLK STREET, S.W.1. THE EXHIBITION WAS OPENED BY MR. HESKETH HUBBARD—SEE PHOTOGRAPH, RIGHT.



MR. HESKETH HUBBARD SPEAKING AT THE OPENING OF THE MEMORIAL EXHIBITION OF THE WORK OF THE LATE ALFRED PALMER. ON HIS RIGHT, MR. A. J. ROBERTSON AND MRS. ALFRED PALMER; ON HIS LEFT, THE ARTIST'S DAUGHTER, MISS FRANCESCA PALMER.



(RIGHT.)
GENERAL RIDGWAY
(ON THE RIGHT)
SHAKING HANDS WITH
HIS SUCCESSOR AS
SUPREME ALLIED
COMMANDER EUROPE,
GENERAL GRUENTHER,
AT THE CEREMONY ON
JULY 11 AT PARIS,
WHEN THE CHANGE-
OVER OF THE COM-
MAND TOOK PLACE
BEFORE A REPRESEN-
TATIVE N.A.T.O.
GATHERING.

(LEFT.)
HER MAJESTY
SHAKING HANDS WITH
MR. A. R. STAMP AT
THE L.C.C. CORO-
NATION RECEPTION ON
JULY 6, THE DUKE
OF EDINBURGH BY
HER SIDE. DURING
THE OCCASION THE
QUEEN KNIGHTED
MR. ARTHUR MIDDLE-
TON, THE L.C.C.
CHAIRMAN.



COLLECTING A SWARM OF BEES IN A BUSY SCARBOROUGH STREET: A LOCAL OUTFITTER (AND KEEN BEE-KEEPER) SOLVES A TOWN'S TRAFFIC PROBLEM AND ACQUIRES A SWARM FROM THE TOP OF A STREET LAMP. HE IS HERE WAITING FOR THE BEES TO SETTLE IN THE SKEP.



ABATING THE NUISANCE OF PIGEONS AT CANTERBURY CATHE-
DRAL, WHERE THEY HAVE BEEN DOING CONSIDERABLE
DAMAGE: A WORKMAN FIXES A WIRE-MESH SCREEN IN A
QUATREFOIL OF THE CATHEDRAL CLOISTERS. THIS IS PART
OF AN ATTEMPT TO STOP THE BIRDS NESTING HERE.



ANOTHER URBAN SWARM OF BEES—THIS TIME ON A
LAMP-POST OF HOLBORN VIADUCT BRIDGE. DURING THE
SUDDEN HOT WEATHER AT THE END OF JUNE, A NUMBER
OF SWARMS IN TOWNS WERE REPORTED—FROM LONDON,
BRISTOL, AND SCARBOROUGH.

FROM NEWPORT TO LLANGOLLEN: INCIDENTS OF THE QUEEN'S STATE TOUR OF WALES.



ARRIVING FOR THE LAST ENGAGEMENT OF HER WELSH TOUR : THE QUEEN RECEIVING THE CURTSIES OF BRETON GIRLS AS SHE ENTERED THE LLANGOLLEN INTERNATIONAL EISTEDDFOD.

PERHAPS the highlight of the Queen's two-day tour of Wales was her visit to ancient Caernarvon—and pictures of the scene there appear on other pages as well as here. Here, however, we show scenes of the beginning and end of the tour. At Newport Queen Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh were welcomed by the Lord Lieutenant of Monmouthshire, Lord Raglan, and thence drove on to a great reception at Cardiff. Huge crowds were gathered there at the City Centre and, while the Royal party were sitting with the Lord Mayor under a canopy before the City Hall, twelve jet aircraft roared overhead. After the Civic luncheon her Majesty knighted the Lord Mayor (Mr. J. P. Collins) and then drove *via* the Taff Vale to Pontypridd and the Rhondda. After the Rhondda, which had staged an enthusiastic and musical welcome, the Queen went by train to Swansea and thence to Llanelli. The tour closed at Llangollen, where a massed choir of 1,300, drawn from nine nations, sang the Bach chorale, "All Honour, Praise and Blessing."



WHILE WAITING FOR THE QUEEN TO ARRIVE AT CAERNARVON CASTLE, TWO WOMEN IN WELSH NATIONAL DRESS CONDUCT A CROWD OF CHILDREN IN CHORAL SINGING.



OUTSIDE THE CITY HALL OF CARDIFF, THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH (IN NAVAL UNIFORM) WITH THE MAYOR OF CARDIFF WATCH A FLY-PAST OF JET AIRCRAFT.



THE CEREMONY OF THE KEY AT CAERNARVON CASTLE : LORD HARLECH, CONSTABLE OF THE CASTLE, PRESENTS THE GREAT KEY TO THE QUEEN.



THE QUEEN IN CARDIFF TALKING WITH THE LORD MAYOR (MR. J. P. COLLINS), WHOM SHE KNIGHTED AFTER THE CIVIC LUNCHEON, WHICH FOLLOWED THE SCENE WE SHOW.



AT THE OPENING OF THE QUEEN'S TOUR OF WALES : HER MAJESTY WITH THE MAYOR OF NEWPORT. LATER THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE VISITED CAERPHILLY CASTLE.

IN "THE ROYAL
CAPITAL" OF
WALES:
THE SCENE IN
CAERNARVON
CASTLE, DURING
THE STATE TOUR
OF WALES, AS THE
PRESENTATIONS
WERE MADE TO
HER MAJESTY
BENEATH AN
AZURE CANOPY.

THE second day (July 10) of the Queen's State tour of Wales began at Caernarvon, and at the Water Gate in the Castle, the greatest, though which Edward I, raised along the north coast of Wales nearly 700 years ago. Here, through her Equerry, Sir Hardwick Campbell, the Queen demanded entrance. The door opened and there appeared the Constable of the Castle, Lord Harlech, carrying the key on an oak staff. He presented it to the Queen, who touched it and spoke the only formal words she was to speak throughout that day:

"Sir, I give you back the key of this Castle into your keeping. Inside the Castle, on the lawns, was a great gathering of people divided into paths leading to a maroon-carpeted dais at the northern end of the Castle; and over this dais was erected a canopy, with a blue roof leading to a gold-and-blue striped crown. Under this canopy the Queen and the Duke received those who were presented to them—the representatives of the church, the new Arts and of national and local government and of industry. After the traditional appearance at Queen Eleanor's Gate (of which photograph appears on our frontispiece), the Queen drove next by way of Bangor, Conwy, Llandudno and Colwyn Bay to Ruthin. Here, where there stands the stone commemorating the building where Edward I held the Parliament which settled in the Principality of Wales its judicial rights and independence, the Queen was greeted in the Eisteddfod hall by 700 people headed by a Gorsedd of 200 who and presentations were made while music was played by three harps. Then, after a visit to Wrexham, the Queen en route to the singing of the International Eisteddfod at Llangollen. The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh returned to Royal Lodge at Windsor and drove to Royal Lodge as night fell.

AT THE NORTH END OF CAERNARVON CASTLE: NOTABILITIES OF NORTH WALES BEING PRESENTED TO HER MAJESTY AS SHE STOOD WITH THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH ON A MAROON-CARPETED DAIS BEING AN AZURE CANOPY TOPPED WITH A GOLD-AND-CRIMSON CROWN.





(ABOVE) WHITE CASTLE, MON.: A WELL-PRESERVED SMALL BORDER FORTRESS OF THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY, WHICH WAS REBUILT BY THE CROWN AND BY THE MINISTRY OF WORKS BEFORE THE WAR.

CASTLES OF THE PRINCIPALITY; A TUDOR MANOR, WHOSE



(RIGHT) GWEIR CENARTH: A HILL-TOP CASTLE NEAR LLANUWCHLLYN ABOVE THE CENARTH, DEMOLISHED IN 1466. PRESERVATION WORK WAS BEGUN IN 1946.

DURING their tour of Wales last week the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh visited Caernarvon Castle. This is one of the most beautiful and romantic of the castles of the Principality. Built in 1283 and 1322, it was the seat of English government in North Wales after Edward I's conquest. Wales is a land of castles and contains many, some famous and others less well-known, but all of interest. It is thus a matter of great satisfaction to everyone interested in tradition and history to learn that the Ministry of Works, through its Department of Ancient Monuments, now has

(Continued opposite)



RAGLAN CASTLE, MON.: THE HEXAGONAL KEEP OF THE GREAT TOWER, BUILT BY SIR WILLIAM AP THOMAS (D. 1445), IT WAS PARTIALLY DESTROYED IN 1646 BY THE ROUNDHEADS.

EWENNY PRIORY, GLAM.: THE NORTH-EASTERN TOWER AND THE NORTH-WEST CORNER OF THE THIRTEENTH-CENTURY PRECINCT WALL.

(Continued opposite)



CILGERRAN CASTLE, PEMBROKESHIRE: A SMALL THIRTEENTH-CENTURY CASTLE NEAR CARDIGAN, ABOVE A GORGE OF THE RIVER TEIFI, GUARDIANSHIP OF WHICH WAS GIVEN TO THE MINISTRY IN 1943 BY THE NATIONAL TRUST. REPAIRS ARE SEEN IN PROGRESS ON THE BADLY BULGING WEST TOWER.

Continued
native Welsh fortresses; others are examples of the Edwardian or "concentric" fortresses erected to secure the conquest of Wales. The distinguishing characteristics of Edwardian castles include the "concentric" arrangement of the wards and the presence of a keep-gatehouse, features which are independent in their origin and do not always occur together. Our photographs also include one of an Elizabethan Manor House, Beaupre Castle, Glamorgan, a late medieval building formerly the home of the Bassett family, whose arms decorate the inner



HAWARDEN CASTLE, CAERNARVONSHIRE: A NATIVE WELSH CASTLE AT THE NORTH-WEST END OF THE PASS OF LLANERCH, WITH REPAIRS IN PROGRESS ON THE THIRTEENTH-CENTURY KEEP.

porch, which bears the date 1600. The guardianship of this monument was granted to the Ministry in 1950, and their experts have since arrested the threatened collapse of the south range. White Castle, with Grosmont and Skenfrith, became part of the Duchy of Lancaster, "Lordship of the Three Castles," on which the Ministry carried out repairs before the war. Castell Cennar was placed in the guardianship of the Ministry by Lord Hawdor in 1932, and clearance and preservation work has been in progress there since 1946. Dolwydellan has

STRONGHOLDS OF WALES, AND PRESERVATION IS NOW ASSURED.



(ABOVE) RHUDDLAN CASTLE, FLINTSHIRE, BUILT BY EDWARD I, 1277-1282. THE RIVER CLWYD (FOREGROUND) WAS DREDGED TO GIVE ACCESS TO SEA-GOING SHIPS.

(LEFT) DOLWYDELLAN CASTLE, CAERNARVONSHIRE: REFUGEE HABITATION OF ILYWELYN THE GREAT, 1215-1264, BETWEEN BRITON FERRY AND BARMOUTH FORTRESS.

(Continued.)
many of these monuments are under its direct control, either because they are properties of the Crown or that the guardianship arrangements made with private owners under powers conferred by the Ancient Monuments Acts. The activities of the Ministry in preserving these properties are described by Mr. A. J. Taylor, Inspector of Ancient Monuments for Wales, in an article recently published in *The Times*; and we are grateful to him for supplying us with much of the information published with the photographs on these pages. Some of the strongholds illustrated are

(Continued below)



BEAUPRE CASTLE, GLAM.: A LATE MEDIEVAL AND ELIZABETHAN MANOR HOUSE. THE ARMS OF THE BASSETT FAMILY, FORMER OWNERS, ARE SEEN ON THE INNER PORCH.



TRETOWER CASTLE, BRECONSHIRE: A SMALL CASTLE. THE THIRTEENTH-CENTURY TOWER WITHIN A TWELFTH-CENTURY POLYGONAL KEEP IS A REMARKABLE ARCHAEOLOGICAL SEQUENCE.

been in the care of the Ministry since 1930. It should be noted that the battlements and roof of the keep on the right in our photograph are of nineteenth-century date. Rhuddlan Castle, the birthplace in 1282 of Princess Elizabeth, daughter of King Edward I and Queen Eleanor, belongs to the first group of fortresses begun by Edward in 1277, and is famous as the scene of the promulgation in 1284 of the Statute of Wales. Raglan was given to the Ministry's care by the Duke of Beaufort in 1938, and completion of the conservation of the tower was



EWLOE CASTLE, FLINTSHIRE: A SMALL NATIVE WELSH CASTLE IN A WOODED HOLLOW NEAR HAWARDEN. THE VIEW SHOWS THE UPPER WARD AND KEEP FROM THE WEST AFTER EXCAVATION AND REPAIRS BY THE MINISTRY OF WORKS IN THE NINETEEN-TWENTIES.

affected in 1950. Monmouth Castle was the birthplace of Shakespeare's "Harry of Monmouth"—King Henry V. (1387). It was rebuilt in the fourteenth century. Tretower has a small, well-preserved thirteenth-century tower built within a twelfth-century polygonal keep, an unusual sequence, of great archaeological interest. The older work is badly fractured, and when guardianship was obtained in 1947 there had been a recent collapse of masonry. [Photographs by the Ministry of Works. Crown Copyright reserved.]



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



THE RHYTHM OF LIVING ORGANISMS.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

IT was in a recent broadcast of "Twenty Questions," the so-called radio parlour-game. The object was "sea-anemone." The team had arrived at the fact that the object was a marine animal, when one of them was heard to ask if it was a sponge. Presumably, then, it is now common knowledge that sponges are animals; thirty years ago this was not so. Whatever be the case, however, the layman can hardly be blamed for any ignorance he may have on this. The biologists were long enough making up



THE CRUMB-OF-BREAD SPONGE (*HALICHONDRIA PANICEA*), GREEN OR CREAM IN COLOUR, IS COMMON ALL ROUND OUR COASTS, ENCRUSTING THE ROCKS BETWEEN TIDE-MARKS. Sponges, very low in the animal scale, live by drawing a current of water through the body and ejecting it through the crater-like vents. They are sedentary and it has generally been supposed that, once settled, they remained fixed in one spot. They are capable, however, of a limited and continuous movement, at least until they are half-grown.

their minds; if, indeed, they have made them up yet. Aristotle was the first, so far as we know, to regard sponges as animals, but from his day until the middle of the eighteenth century, there were varied opinions on their nature. Some claimed them as animal; some as plant; there were even the suggestions that they were solidified sea-foam, or the home of a marine "insect." In 1766 John Ellis watched the stream of water being pumped through a sponge, and substantiated Aristotle's views. Yet, as late even as 1841 we find a Mr. Hogg trying to convince the Fellows of the Royal Society that sponges are plants. Since his time, however, they have been generally accepted as animals, but with some qualification, which varies with the writer. Some zoologists, for example, have described them as colonies of protozoa (i.e., one-celled animals); others have regarded them as multicellular animals, but not true metazoa, meaning that they are fundamentally different from all other multicellular animals. Yet others have placed them in a separate sub-kingdom of the animal world.

Sponges multiply by means of ciliated larvae; they make no cellulose, and the dried sponge burns with a characteristic animal smell. Against these decided animal qualities, however, must be set others which are not so markedly defined. They have little or no sensitivity, and until recently they were believed to have no special nerve-cells. They are plant-like in remaining fixed to one spot, in the adult stage at least. However, there is little point in elaborating further these opposing qualities, for the line between plants and animals, especially in its lower levels, is thinly drawn and badly smudged. What is important is that sponges are very low in the living scale, and that anything we can learn about their behaviour is taking us very near to the ultimate springs of animal conduct.

One of the more remarkable features of sponges is the extent of their powers of dissociation and regeneration. A sponge cut in two will regenerate the cut surfaces and give us two fully functional sponges. It can be cut into an almost limitless number of pieces and each piece will regenerate a fully functional, if small, sponge. Further, we may take any piece of a sponge, press it through a fine bolting silk, thereby separating its cells from each other, and the individual cells will come together again to form, in a short while, fully functional sponges. Conversely,

if two sponges are held together, by thread or string, they will in time completely join to make one. A dozen or more tied together will do the same thing, provided they are all of one species.

The process of dissociation into the component cells is worth a closer inspection. As the piece of sponge is squeezed in the silk, a milky fluid flows out. When this is allowed to settle in a small glass dish of sea-water and examined under the microscope, the cells can be seen to have lost their individual shapes. They are now irregular in outline and, as we watch, are seen moving about with an amoeboid action. After an hour or so, the cells can be seen forming into groups, which in turn wander about, join up with other groups of cells to form larger masses. In about forty-eight hours, quite well-formed, though still small sponges will have been formed.

This story of the dissociation and regeneration of sponge cells has often been told, but that does not lessen its remarkable nature. Once, when demonstrating it to a physicist, I asked him how he would account for the cells joining up. His answer was ready and confident: that in passing across the meshes of the silk each cell acquires a charge of electricity, positive in some, negative in others, and cells differently charged with electricity would come together as a matter of course.

At the least, the physicist had given an explanation, which is more than any biologist had done. But was it acceptable? To begin with, sponge cells wander about in this manner without being pressed through the meshes of a piece of silk. In fact, it seems that they wander about a good deal within the body of the sponge, although this is difficult to prove or to say to what extent or for what purpose. We do know, on the other hand, that groups of cells will wander together and migrate to the surface to form buds. They will wander and join together for other purposes, such as for healing wounds. In fact, they seem to have an inherent capacity for wandering; and it is something they will do under natural as well as artificial circumstances.

The inherent wandering goes further than the cells. When, for example, a sponge larva ceases swimming about and settles on the bottom, its component cells drop out of the oval formation

outlines irregular and, if watched closely from day to day, it can be seen that they are doing much the same things as the cells do after being separated by being pressed through the silk. Each continues to move round in an aimless manner. If two come into contact they may join up completely, after which the enlarged crust so formed continues slowly to wander and may join up with others, to form still larger crusts. At times, a portion of one of the larger crusts may detach itself and wander off on its own, later to join up with another and larger crust. All this wandering, combined with breaking off and joining up, is apparently without purpose, in that it achieves no particular end, except that ultimately all will join up to form one co-extensive crust, which later grows into the mature sponge. The wanderings are slow, imperceptible except over comparatively long periods of time, and take place within a strictly limited area. If, however, a film could be taken of them and then greatly speeded up, we should see



THIS HALF-GROWN SPONGE, GROWING ON THE GLASS SIDE OF AN AQUARIUM, MOVED AN INCH IN A FORTNIGHT. THE THIN LAYER OF TISSUE AROUND ITS BASE WAS LEFT BEHIND IN THE COURSE OF THE MOVEMENT.



THE DISSOCIATED TISSUES OF A SPONGE, AS SEEN UNDER A MICROSCOPE, IN THE PROCESS OF REGENERATING.

They regenerate by forming larger and larger groups of cells. Here, forty-eight hours after being squeezed through fine silk—a process which separates the individual cells—small but functional sponges are already appearing among the crowd of wandering cells.

they have hitherto held and wander, so that the larva is transformed into a thin crust of tissue, about a quarter of an inch across, on the surface of a rock. Then the rhythm of the wandering is taken up by this thin crust, the post-larva. Post-larvae continue wandering, their

something of the seething bustle of a group of ants, except, of course, for the breaking-off of small portions and the coalescence of these with larger crusts.

One of the characteristics of a sponge was believed formerly, as indeed was stated in my second paragraph, to be that, once the larva had settled down, it stayed in that one spot for the rest of its life. This is not so, and wandering can be seen at least as late as the half-grown sponge. Then, however, the wandering is more purposive, and seems to be stimulated by adverse conditions.

The only thing we can say of this behaviour is that it represents an inherent rhythm of activity. A similar inherent rhythm has been demonstrated in several groups of the lower animals in recent years. The realisation that there is such a rhythm, even so low in the animal scale, represents, in my opinion, one of the biggest advances in biological knowledge of recent years. We have yet to carry it further, and its full implications have yet to be realised and stressed. One thing is clear, however: that a living organism is more than the inert machine, to which it is commonly compared. It can be compared with a motor constantly "ticking over," ready to come fully into action when the clutch is let in, the clutch in a living organism being represented by some external stimulus. But even this is a very crude comparison.

MARLAR AND SILK'S PART IN CAMBRIDGE'S VICTORY,
IN THE MOST EXCITING OF UNIVERSITY MATCHES.



ON THE SECOND DAY OF THE UNIVERSITY MATCH, WHEN THINGS LOOKED BLACK FOR CAMBRIDGE: KNIGHTLEY-SMITH (HIGHGATE AND ST. JOHN'S) GIVES A CHANCE IN THE SLIPS OFF JOWETT (SHERBORNE AND ST. JOHN'S, OXFORD).



THE CAMBRIDGE WICKETKEEPER AND FIRST-INNINGS TOP SCORER, F. C. M. ALEXANDER (WOLMER'S, JAMAICA, AND CAIUS), CLEAN BOWLED BY G. H. MCKINNA (MANCHESTER G.S. AND B.N.C.) FOR 31.



THE TURN OF THE TIDE: THE TOP SCORER OF OXFORD'S SECOND INNINGS, J. P. FELLOWS-SMITH (DURBAN H.S. AND B.N.C.), CAUGHT IN THE FIRST OVER OF THE THIRD DAY FOR 49, OFF R. G. MARLAR (HARROW AND MAGDALENE).



CAMBRIDGE'S HERO OF THE MATCH, WHO SCORED THE WINNING HIT WITH ONLY THREE MINUTES TO SPARE AND SCORED 116 NOT OUT: D. R. W. SILK (CHRIST'S HOSPITAL AND SIDNEY SUSSEX) MISSED IN THE SLIPS OFF ALLAN (EDINBURGH ACADEMY AND WORCESTER).



IN OXFORD'S SECOND INNINGS: THE OXFORD WICKETKEEPER, A. P. WALSH (MILTON, RHODESIA, AND WADHAM), SWEEPING AT A NO-BALL FROM MARLAR, WHO HAD A MATCH ANALYSIS OF 12 FOR 143, AND WAS THE ARCHITECT OF A CAPTAIN'S VICTORY.



THE GREAT MOMENT FOR CAMBRIDGE: M. C. COWDREY (TONBRIDGE AND B.N.C.), WHO HAD SCORED 116 IN THE FIRST INNINGS, IS BRILLIANTLY CAUGHT AT THE WICKET BY ALEXANDER FOR 0, IN THE SECOND INNINGS, OFF MARLAR'S BOWLING.

During the early part of the summer both the Oxford and Cambridge cricket XI's had disappointed their supporters, but in the University match of July 4-7 at Lord's they atoned for everything with a match which ranks among the most exciting ever played, with a finish which might have been contrived by a novelist. Oxford won the toss and batted, so preserving themselves against a fourth innings against the Cambridge captain, Marlar's, spin; and scored a satisfactory 312, of which M. C. Cowdrey made an excellent 116. Cambridge dropped a number of catches, but their captain, R. G. Marlar, took 5 for 94. And on the same day Cambridge lost one wicket for 32. On the Monday, Cambridge were all out for

191 and Oxford lost five wickets, mainly to Marlar, but J. P. Fellows-Smith, with 49, seemed well set and Oxford looked certain of victory. On the Tuesday morning, however, Fellows-Smith was immediately dismissed and the rest of Oxford's wickets fell for 15 more runs, Marlar, by some inspired bowling, taking 7 wickets for 49. So at 12.10 p.m. Cambridge needed 238 runs and had five-and-a-half hours to get them. At tea-time Cambridge were 145 for 4 and Silk had passed his 50; but at 5.55 p.m. they were only 186 for 8—51 behind—and apparently very near defeat. At this point Silk began to drive with brilliance, reached his century and, with only seven balls to be bowled, hit the winning hit.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

A TOUCH OF THE MOON.

By J. C. TREWIN

"LOOK in the almanac," says Bottom the Weaver. "Find out moonshine, find out moonshine." This is the right season of the year in which to find it. We expect the moon to be full over the West End stage; a silverying of nonsense for midsummer. It is a pity that sometimes it has to go under a cloud early in the evening, as it does now at the Duke of York's Theatre.

The title, "The Moon is Blue," is promising enough, though some may tremble a little at the dramatist, F. Hugh Herbert's insistence that this is "a light-hearted comedy." That is self-conscious; rather as if the author were whistling to keep up his spirits and saying to himself: "I'm light-hearted, anyway." It is not until nearly the last line—in a manner pleasantly old-fashioned—that Mr. Herbert explains his title; says, in effect, that the meeting of his pair of grown-up children, this Patty and Donald, could happen only once in a blue moon. They meet on, of all places, the observation tower of the Empire State Building in New York. There is a mild charm about this prologue. It is early on a misty evening; lights glimmer; the pair prattle light-heartedly—so far Mr. Herbert's definition is accurate—and it seems as if the moonshine may have its right gleam.

At the far end of the play, after about twenty hours (stage time) and two-and-a-half (acting time),

Unfortunately, the stuff of the comedy is often feeble. Mr. Herbert can tap out a slick line; but there is no special resource. A opens a door suddenly and discovers B kissing C. We have had that elsewhere. What remains is a vague comedy in the "Seven-Year Itch" school of love-at-first-sight; a comedy that, in spite of Miss Lynn's taking candour, and the ease of Biff McGuire and Robert Flemyn as, respectively, the young man of the Empire State and (if you follow me) his former potential father-in-law, does trail away glumly to nothing-in-particular. Occasional lines are nicely moonstruck. "If more fathers," says Robert Flemyn, "ripped more telephones out of more walls, more daughters would not get into trouble." That is a point of view; alas, the matter is not explored. The play proves merely, I am afraid, how hard it is to hold a stage for an entire evening with so small a cast, and with yet another treatment of the Boy-meets-Girl (and what happens now?) theme for light comedy.

The moonshine at Regent's Park has a different quality:

DULL: You two are bookmen—can you tell by your wit?

What was a month old at Cain's birth that's not five weeks old as yet?

HOLOFERNES: Dictynna, goodman Dull—Dictynna, goodman Dull.

DULL: What is Dictynna?

NATHANIEL: A title to Phoebe, to Luna, to the moon.

Here are constable, curate and schoolmaster in those playful pedantries on the lawns of Navarre. Shakespeare may say that "Love's Labour's Lost" is set in Navarre; but the place seems to be bordered by his own Arden. Nathaniel, Holofernes, Dull and Costard must have been men-about-Warwickshire. The comedy is a happy mixture of impetuous verse, Euphuistic "conceits," and the rustic voice of Costard (rustic, though as "Q" says, he is able surprisingly

to throw off such a mouthful as "honori-ficiabilitudinibus"). In an open-air production the verse comes through better than the prose. When the King and courtiers of Navarre move into verse, all's well; and at Regent's Park Brendan Barry is speaking with the right drive and delight the magnificent "Have at you then, affection's men at arms!" This Berowne, the "merry madcap lord," has an appropriate Rosaline in Patricia Kneale, an actress who is back in the Park after doing uncommonly versatile work at the Nottingham Playhouse. I saw her there last year as Lady Macbeth. It is a fairly long stride from the Three Castles (Inverness, Forres and Dunsinane)



"A SWIFT, COMPETENT PERFORMANCE . . . AND WITH CAREFUL ADHERENCE TO THE FOLIO TEXT": "MACBETH" (MERMAID, ROYAL EXCHANGE), SHOWING BERNARD MILES IN THE TITLE-ROLE.

to the lawns of Navarre. Miss Kneale takes it without hesitation.

An open-air "Love's Labour" has most trouble with the complicated verbal comedy, the "silken terms precise." Don Adriano de Armado (named, no doubt, from the Armada) and his page Moth are awkward enough on an ordinary stage; they have very little chance in the wide open spaces. The Regent's Park Armado is elaborately mannered, but not much else. And it is unfair to the other comedians to pit them in memory against a matchless London team of a few years back. (Who can have forgotten Miles Malleson's Nathaniel at the New Theatre, the most delicate piece of Shakespeare comedy in our day?)

Even so, a responsive spectator will enjoy the moonshine of "Love's Labour," its pattern-weaving on the grass as the sun goes down and the floodlights strengthen, as the mock-Muscovites come to tread a measure, and the Nine Worthies to begin their laborious masque, and as—

at the last—Mercade, messenger of death, enters suddenly like frost upon the night. Then the parting and, quick upon it, the songs of Cuckoo ("When daisies pied, and violets blue") and of Owl ("When icicles hang by the wall") before Armado's farewell: "The words of Mercury are harsh after the songs of Apollo. You that way; we this way."

I hope anxiously that Robert Atkins's venture in the Park is safe for the rest of its twenty-first season (which is due to end with the "Dream"). It would be sad indeed if the weather deprived us of an honoured London institution that "nimbly and sweetly recommends itself." That phrase brings us to "Macbeth." Now the moon is down. Up at the Mermaid, on the Royal Exchange, we are in the shadows of the play where dark night strangles the travelling-lamp. It is acted efficiently and rapidly. I still

think it is a mistake to bring on the severed head (or a miniature of it) at the end. That did not happen in a rather alarming Victorian revival I have just read about. Malcolm, speaking "We shall not spend a large expense of time" with (curiously) Macbeth dead at his feet, forgot his words. Whereupon the body rose with some ceremony, pronounced the speech itself, and settled again to death. An amiable, moonstruck end—not, alas, for a modern audience!



"THIS MILD ADVENTURE OF A CANDID INNOCENT IN NEW YORK IS SAVED BY THE ACTING OF DIANA LYNN, WHO IS FRANK, WIDE-EYED AND VOLUBLE": "THE MOON IS BLUE" (DUKE OF YORK'S), SHOWING DONALD (BIFF MCGUIRE) AND PATTY (DIANA LYNN) IN A SCENE FROM F. HUGH HERBERT'S COMEDY IN WHICH THEY MEET ON THE OBSERVATION TOWER OF THE EMPIRE STATE BUILDING.

Patty and Donald are back on their tower, now in the clear light of a spring afternoon (though, in one mind, the moon is up again). Nothing has changed except the atmosphere—and Donald's eye, which has run, so to speak, against the fist of an Irish and puritanical ex-policeman. This happened in the flat—or, rather, the apartment on East 49th Street—where the rest of the play is set and where the moon, except for an occasional glimmer, is hidden. The trouble with Mr. Herbert is his lack of invention or, possibly, his desperate resolve to discipline himself, to keep the cast to four (one of whom merely drops in for a knock-out) and the dialogue to a species of single-minded repartee.

This part of the comedy would be leaden if it were not for Diana Lynn, an American actress who is the most engaging visitor of her school since Yolande Donlan. "You have a genius for saying the wrong things at the wrong time," someone observes to the girl Patty (Miss Lynn). Patty, the Irish ex-policeman's daughter, is a candid, innocent babbler. She wears her hair in a pony-tail tied with red ribbon. She has, she says (as a very minor actress), a gift for looking dissipated on television; she is a "sensational" cook—her own epithet—and she is always likely to bring out such things as: "It might be fun to roast an ox in the bedroom"; or "If I owned a tree I'd live in it." A disconcerting child, Patty; Miss Lynn lends her a pair of expressive eyes that open very wide indeed (the actress has all Yolande Donlan's gift for being astonished) and that never fail to signal Patty's fleeting thoughts.



"AN AMERICAN ACTRESS WHO IS THE MOST ENGAGING VISITOR OF HER SCHOOL SINCE YOLANDE DONLAN": DIANA LYNN AS PATTY IN "THE MOON IS BLUE," IN A SCENE FROM THE COMEDY IN WHICH DAVID (ROBERT FLEMYN) OFFERS HER A SMALL FORTUNE OF \$600 "WITH NO STRINGS ATTACHED."

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

- "MACBETH" (Mermaid, Royal Exchange).—A swift, competent performance, without the "Elizabethan" speech used at the St. John's Wood Mermaid in 1952, and with careful adherence to the Folio text. (July 1.)
- "TALK OF THE NIGHT" (Irving).—A flick-and-flash intimate revue on the usual lines. (July 1.)
- "VARIETY" (Palladium).—Billy Daniels, the singer, returns to head a generous bill. (July 6.)
- "THE THIRD HOUR" (Lindsey).—Pontius Pilate appears in modern dress in a well-intentioned experiment, with a good performance by Howes Cullif as the Procurator. (July 6.)
- "THE MOON IS BLUE" (Duke of York's).—This mild adventure of a candid innocent in New York is saved by the acting of Diana Lynn, who is frank, wide-eyed and voluble. (July 6.)

"ALICE IN WONDERLAND" AS A BALLET: SCENES FROM THE FESTIVAL BALLET'S WORLD PREMIÈRE.



AT THE MAD HATTER'S TEA-PARTY IN THE NEW "ALICE IN WONDERLAND" BALLET: (L. TO R.) ALICE (BELINDA WRIGHT), THE DORMOUSE (ANITA LANDA), AND THE CHESHIRE CAT (WOLFGANG BRUNNER).



A PAS DE TROIS FROM THE MAD HATTER'S TEA PARTY IN THE FIRST ACT OF THE FESTIVAL BALLET'S NEW PRODUCTION AT THE ROYAL FESTIVAL HALL: (L. TO R.) THE MARCH HARE (LOUIS GODFREY), ALICE (BELINDA WRIGHT) AND THE MAD HATTER (KEITH BECKETT).



"PIG AND PEPPER": "THE DUCHESS WAS SITTING ON A THREE-LEGGED STOOL IN THE MIDDLE, NURSING A BABY." THE UGLY DUCHESS (ROMA DUNCAN) WITH THE PIG BABY (RIGHT) AND THE COOK (ANNE ROWSE) STIRRING THE WELL-PEPPED SOUP.



DURING THE COURT SCENE, WHICH LED UP TO AN INGENIOUS PAS DE DEUX OF ALICE AND THE KNAVE IN CHAINS: (L. TO R.) ALICE, THE QUEEN OF HEARTS (JANET OVERTON), THE EXECUTIONER (DAVID SCOTT) AND THE KING (PETER WHITE).



THE LOBSTER QUADRILLE—ONE OF THE MOST PLEASING ENSEMBLES IN THE NEW BALLET, IN WHICH THE COSTUMES BY KENNETH ROWELL SHOW TO PARTICULARLY GOOD EFFECT. THE WHITING AND THE SNAIL ARE ALSO WELL FEATURED IN THIS SCENE.

On July 9, at the Royal Festival Hall, the Festival Ballet opened their Coronation season with the world première of a two-act ballet based on Lewis Carroll's "Alice in Wonderland." The Choreography was by Michael Charnley (whose "Symphony for Fun" was also in the programme); the music by Joseph Horowitz; and the décor and costumes by Kenneth Rowell, and based on Tenniel's drawings. The ballet was directed by Anton Dolin, who also read what was required in the way of narration. The ballet confines itself to Wonderland, and the first act of four scenes covers Alice's falling asleep in Wonderland, a grand waltz of the flowers and dragon-flies and the Mad Hatter's



"OH, MY EARS AND WHISKERS, HOW LATE IT'S GETTING!" THE TWO PRINCIPALS OF THE NEW BALLET OF "ALICE IN WONDERLAND": ALICE (BELINDA WRIGHT) AND THE WHITE RABBIT (JOHN GILPIN) IN THE OPENING SCENE OF THE FIRST ACT.

Tea-party. The second act opens with the very successful Lobster Quadrille, and continues with a very lively Court scene; next comes the Garden of Live Flowers and the end comes with the collapse of the cards and the awakening of Alice. Considering how much the book depends on the brilliance and "edge" of its writing, the ballet is pleasantly successful, all the well-known and favourite characters behave in character, and the flower and insect ensembles and the Lobster Quadrille contain some charming dancing. Belinda Wright makes a true and pleasing Alice and the ballet should long remain in the repertoire to delight children of all ages.

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. TREASURES OF OXFORD.

By FRANK DAVIS.

WE have long grown accustomed to uncommon splendours in the exhibitions which occur with unfailing regularity at Goldsmiths' Hall. During the past few years we have all had the opportunity of seeing from time to time the very finest of the plate, lay and ecclesiastical, publicly or privately owned, which exists in the country. This summer, while the main emphasis is on the work of the silversmith, the range of the "Treasures of Oxford Exhibition," arranged by the Worshipful Company and the Oxford Society, is widened. The theme is noble, the choice of exhibits beguiling, from low-brow romance (*i.e.*, the original lantern carried by Guy Fawkes on a famous occasion), to the subtleties of the Christ Church collection of Old Master drawings. Those individuals—and such monsters exist, I dare say—to whom a mediaeval chalice is of no more interest than a pewter tankard, should be put in a good mood by the following: "I would willingly make a visit to my sister at Tunbridge for a night or two at furthest, when do you think I can best spare the time?"

"I know no reason why you may not. . . . I suppose you will go with a light trayne?"

"I intend to take nothing but my night bag."

"God, you will not go without 40 or 50 horses?"

"I count that part of my night bag."

How many of us have not written notes to one another during some specially boring committee? This is a scrap of paper which passed between Charles II. and Clarendon during a Privy Council in 1660. How the dry bones of history come to life when one reads these exchanges between King and Minister! and how alert was the age for new experiment, for the next item in the catalogue is an order to Captain William Gifford, of H.M.S. *Mermaid*, signed by Samuel Pepys, with the signature of Charles II. at the top and dated August 3, 1684, to take on board, at the inventor's charge, an engine "for the making an Experiment of producing Fresh Water [at sea] out of Salt"; and how quick on the mark were the two Universities in welcoming the King in 1660 with a book of verses, Oxford getting in three days ahead of Cambridge with "*Britannia Rediviva*," a collection of 158 poems, mostly in Latin, by members of the University, many of whom were no doubt particularly anxious that their contributions should appear, as they had taken part in the welcome to Oliver Cromwell a few years earlier.

but it provides a lively and sufficiently scurrilous commentary upon a famous passage of dispraise by Edward Gibbon. Manuscripts from the Bodleian, the crozier (made about 1487) for Bishop Foxe of Exeter and probably bequeathed by him to his College of Corpus Christi—one of the two English mediaeval silver croziers surviving in original condition; the other is that of William of Wykeham at New College—Queen Elizabeth I.'s Bible, bound in red-embroidered velvet, Royal and other portraits; here are riches beyond compare, more than 400 items of one sort or another, all intimately connected with the history

said dons and deans lived in ivory towers remote from life? There is also the poet Richard Lovelace from Worcester (Fig. 1), "the most amiable and beautiful person that ever eye beheld, a person also of innate modesty, virtue and courtly deportment . . . much admired and adored by the female sex"—so much adored that he was given an Hon. M.A. when he was only eighteen at the request of a lady of the Court. The picture is of great interest as the earliest showing academic dress; as a portrait it is disappointing, for the writer of "Stone walls do not a prison make" and other lyrics, and so notable a conqueror of hearts, surely did not present to the world so smug and lifeless a mask as this.

Innumerable questions spring to mind as one browses around this show. A letter lent by Queen's is from Charles I., announces the removal of the Mint to Oxford, and asks for the loan of the College plate; on the back is a note of the weight and value of the plate handed over, for, wrote Wood in his "Annals": "the King's letter came to all Colleges and Halls for their plate to be brought to the Mint and turned into money." This disaster has been deplored often enough, but what no one has been able to discover is how New College and Corpus Christi managed to preserve so much, with King and Court actually in residence in all colleges. While mainly for this reason the earlier silver is very rare, there are some noble pieces from immediately after the Restoration, and, of course, throughout the eighteenth century. Whether early or late, these were rarely made in the first instance to the order of the college, but would be gifts or bequests from founders or heads of houses or, more frequently, from past members of the college who had risen in the world, not necessarily to great wealth. The change in social custom can be traced as the years pass—little trencher salts appear along the tables instead of the great salt of the mediaeval tradition, and ewers and basins, accepted as a matter of course down to the late seventeenth century, are no longer required for washing the hands when a fork becomes as normal a tool as a knife. In the eighteenth century, punch bowls—there are some splendid examples—were favourite gifts, together with candlesticks, coffee-pots and so forth. Most of the nineteenth-century pieces are useful rather than ceremonial, and our own generation has begun to leave pleasant memories behind it with some notable pieces by modern designers. I liked particularly the mustard-pot and spoon belonging to Corpus, designed and made by Francis Cooper and a beautifully sleek coffee-pot presented to Nuffield College, designed by J. E. Stapley. A two-handled cup and cover (Fig. 2) given to Merton to celebrate the first occasion on which that College has been Head of the River is



FIG. 1. RICHARD LOVELACE THE POET (1618-1657), THE EARLIEST PORTRAIT SHOWING ACADEMIC DRESS. AFTER JOHN DE CRITZ.

The portrait of Richard Lovelace, cavalier and poet, lent to the Exhibition of Oxford Treasures by Worcester College, is "of great interest as the earliest [picture] showing academic dress; as a portrait it is disappointing, for the writer of 'Stone walls do not a prison make' and other lyrics, and so notable a conqueror of hearts, surely did not present to the world so smug and lifeless a mask as this."

of the University, many of wider national significance. There is the portrait from Brasenose of Alexander Nowell, Dean of St. Paul's, who learnt in 1564 to

FIG. 2. COMMEMORATING THE FIRST OCCASION ON WHICH MERTON WAS HEAD OF THE RIVER: A MODERN SILVER TWO-HANDED CUP AND COVER.

This "two-handled cup and cover given to Merton to celebrate the first occasion on which that College has been Head of the River, is another delightful modern piece, with two bands of stylised boats, one round the cover, the other round the base, lightheartedly symbolising the achievement."

choose his words with care when he preached before Queen Elizabeth. "To your text, Mr. Dean," she shouted, "leave that; we have heard enough of that," and he had to be helped from the pulpit forthwith; a quiet man shown beneath a fishing-rod with fish-hooks on the table. Isaac Newton refers to him as "A dear lover and constant practiser of angling." Thanks to this pursuit he accidentally discovered bottled beer—he was fishing, took some beer in a bottle and left it in the grass—a few days later he was surprised to find that it was "not a bottle but a gun, such was the sound of it when opened." Who

FIG. 3. LENT TO THE EXHIBITION OF OXFORD TREASURES AT GOLDSMITHS' HALL: DR. JOHNSON'S BLUE-AND-WHITE WORCESTER TEAPOT A REMINDER OF HIS LOVE OF TEA-DRINKING.

"The enormous blue-and-white Worcester teapot which belonged to Dr. Johnson . . . is naturally treasured by Pembroke." It has been lent for exhibition at Goldsmiths' Hall.

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another delightful modern piece, with two bands of stylised boats, one round the cover, the other round the base, lightheartedly symbolising the achievement.

By a mistake the photograph of the bronze model of a Thoroughbred Horse in Mr. Haseltine's London Exhibition reproduced in our issue of July 4 was described as the model of *Polymelus*. This was incorrect; the model shown was "The Thoroughbred Horse (Composite Type)," which was exhibited by kind permission of the Prime Minister, the Rt. Hon. Sir Winston Churchill, K.G., O.M., etc., etc.





MORNING PRAYERS : A SCENE IN THE PRINCESS HALL OF CHELTENHAM LADIES' COLLEGE, WHICH IS THE FIRST OF OUR GIRLS' PUBLIC BOARDING SCHOOLS TO REACH ITS CENTENARY.

The Cheltenham Ladies' College, a pioneer of the public boarding schools for girls, and the first to reach its centenary, was founded in September 1853. Over the week-end of July 3 to 5 some 3000 visitors, many of them former pupils, gathered at the College in Cheltenham, where they took part in the centenary celebrations. These opened with a Council Luncheon, which was followed by speeches in the Princess Hall, during which the guest of honour, Miss Florence Horsbrugh, the Minister of Education, addressed the assembly. Miss Margaret E. Popham, Principal of the College since 1937, who is retiring at the end of this term, made a farewell speech. A portrait of her, the work of A. R. Thomson, R.A., was unveiled by Lord Bessborough, the chairman of the Ladies' College

Council. Miss M. E. Popham will be succeeded as Principal by Miss J. A. Tredgold, M.A. Since the early months of 1854 when the College opened its doors with eighty-two pupils, it has developed into a great public school of nearly 800 girls. Its development was largely the result of the work of Miss Dorothea Beale, who was its Principal for nearly fifty years and who, with Miss Frances Mary Buss, was a pioneer of women's education. In 1873 the College was transferred to new buildings at Bayhill, to which large additions have since been made on various occasions. There are now fourteen College Boarding Houses, including the Domestic Science House. On the following pages we show further photographs of the College as it appears in its centenary year.



GYM INSTRUCTION FOR A CLASS IN THE UPPER COLLEGE: A SCENE IN THE GYMNASIUM AT THE SOUTH END OF THE PRINCESS HALL, ON THE GARDEN SIDE (RIGHT) ARE DOUBLE FOLDING DOORS WHICH OPEN OUTWARDS.



A COOKERY CLASS IN PROGRESS IN THE DOMESTIC DEMONSTRATION KITCHEN, LAUNDRY, AND SO ON. HERE



AT WORK IN THE LARGE ART STUDIO IN THE MUSIC AND ART WING: STUDENTS DRAWING FROM LIFE. A STAIRCASE FROM THE LARGE ART STUDIO LEADS TO ANOTHER FOUR STUDIOS ON THE UPPER FLOOR.



LISTENING TO A SPEECH BY THE GUEST OF HONOUR, MISS FLORENCE HORSBRUGH, MINISTER OF EDUCATION: CHELTONIANS AND OTHERS IN THE PRINCESS HALL.



DISTINGUISHED PEOPLE AT THE CENTENARY CELEBRATIONS: THE SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS; COUNCILLOR (MINISTER OF EDUCATION); LORD BESSBOROUGH (CHAIRMAN OF THE LADIES' COLLEGE COUNCIL); THE LADY MAYOR OF CHELTENHAM; LADY BESSBOROUGH, AND OTHERS.



FROM THE ART WING: LOOKING DOWN ON THE GARDEN OF THE COLLEGE, THE PRINCESS HALL AND THE OBSERVATORY. THE LATTER SURMOUNTS THE TOWER.



THE CENTRE OF THE INTELLECTUAL ACTIVITIES OF THE COLLEGE: THE LIBRARY, IN WHICH SOME UPPER COLLEGE GIRLS CAN BE SEEN AT WORK.



A SCENE OF ACTIVITY: THE ADVANCED CHEMICAL LABORATORY, WHERE STUDENTS TAKE PART IN SENIOR LEVEL WORK. BEYOND IS A BALANCE ROOM AND NEAR IT THE JUNIOR CHEMICAL LABORATORY.

CHELTENHAM LADIES' COLLEGE CELEBRATES ITS CENTENARY: SCENES AT THE GREAT GIRLS' PUBLIC

Cheltenham Ladies' College, founded in 1853 and incorporated by Royal Charter in 1935, is celebrating its centenary. Miss M. E. Popham, the retiring Principal, bade farewell to 150 past students of the College during the centenary celebrations on July 1. She described the recent history of the College as "a period of inspection of the College as 'a document which the College can gladly carry into its second century, for it bears witness to the soundness of scholarship in all subjects and to the balance of education throughout.' From the outset, Cheltenham Ladies' College was connected with the whole movement for women's higher education, in which, under the leadership of Miss Dorothea Beale—

Principal from 1858 until her death in 1906—it played an important part. Its founders held and acted upon the belief that the education of girls is of no less importance than that of boys. During the first century of its existence the work and function of the College have been adapted to new needs and demands with a remarkable combination of stability and the power for growth which is typical of the changing world." To-day there are thirteen College Houses for boarders and a Domestic Science House. The number of girls at each House varies from 40 to 60. The Boarding Houses are in the charge of House Mistresses not occupied in teaching, who are therefore free to give their whole time to the girls.

(L. TO R.) THE HON. MRS. BRAND; MRS. MORRISON (WIFE OF T. L. THOMPSON (MAYOR OF CHELTENHAM)); MISS F. HORSBRUGH (OF THE LADIES' COLLEGE COUNCIL); THE LADY MAYOR OF CHELTENHAM; LADY BESSBOROUGH, THE RETIRING PRINCIPAL.



PROVIDED WITH COMFORTABLE CHAIRS AND PLEASANTLY DECORATED: A LOWER COLLEGE SITTING-ROOM IN ONE OF THE COLLEGE BOARDING HOUSES. THERE ARE SOME 700 BOARDERS AND 60 DAY GIRLS.

SCHOOL, WHICH HAS PLAYED A LEADING RÔLE IN THE MOVEMENT FOR WOMEN'S HIGHER EDUCATION.

The College buildings include the Princess Hall, capable of holding from 1600 to 2000 persons; the Lower Hall, library, lecture rooms, class-rooms, chemical, physical and biological laboratories, gymnasium, observatory, music rooms and art studios. There are large playing fields, and, in addition, hard courts, a swimming-bath and a tennis court. In 1938, the author of *Womankind II*, the College had a trial which, had it not been for the indomitable spirit of the Principal, Miss Popham, and the steadfastness and adaptability of all concerned, might well have proved a serious setback, for the College suffered the temporary loss of its entire range of buildings by Government requisitioning. Within

a fortnight houses had to be found for over 500 boarders and teaching premises for the whole College, except for a contingent of girls who were sent to Lilleshall Hall, in Shropshire. However, the seemingly impossible was accomplished and the term began in good order on the appointed day. In November 1940 the main college buildings were bombed and were never given back after a personal visit from the Minister of Works. This was followed by the return at Christmas of seven houses, and gradually, attended by numerous delays and difficulties, the work of the great school went on unheeded. To-day the College can look back with justifiable pride on its first hundred years.



PRAYERS IN THE PRINCESS HALL: A PREFECT READING THE LESSON; WITH (SEATED) MISS M. E. POPHAM, THE RETIRING PRINCIPAL.

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

THE story of how I came to raise my hybrid buttercup, *Ranunculus x skellumi* is not worth telling—verbally, at any rate. Too discouraging. So few folk even pretend to

believe it. They listen, and then come out with : "Oh yeas!" —or some equally hateful, ironical sneer. There is another grave drawback. The story hinges on a dream, and folk who make a practice of recounting their dreams are such intolerable bores! You know the kind of thing : "There was a sort of cow, and it went on and on and on"; and so, too, the recital goes on and on, till one longs to bash the dreamer.

But this dream, this story, is true, and if the post should bring me a deluge of incredulous, ironical sneers, well—the fact of passing through the post has a happy way of neutralising the most acid postcards and letters. I have no exact record of when I dreamt my dream, and raised my ranunculus, except that it was whilst we were dominated by a heavyweight Sealyham terrier whose name was Skellum. Hence the name, *Ranunculus x skellumi*.

As to the dream, I will be as mercifully brief as I know how. I dreamt I was being shown round a garden in which the most tempting and luscious-looking fruits tasted of nothing. I wonder if my total incapacity to taste or smell things in dreams is general? The flowers in this garden were more unbelievable than anything ever seen at Chelsea—all of them except one, a dwarf, deliciously creamy-yellow buttercup, which seemed so real and undreamlike that I asked what it was, and remembered it clearly and vividly, next morning. I was told that it was a cross between *Ranunculus amplexicaulis* and *Ranunculus gramineus*, both of which species I knew well—in real life—and actually had growing in my garden at the time. This was too broad a hint to ignore. I brought a plant of *Ranunculus amplexicaulis*, flowering in a pot, into an unheated greenhouse, selected a freshly-opened blossom to become seed parent, carefully removed all its anthers, and removed from the plant all the other flowers and unopened buds. Next day the chosen blossom was ready for mating, and I dusted its stigmas with pollen from *Ranunculus gramineus*. In due course seeds were produced, ripened, gathered and sown, and eventually the resulting seedlings flowered. They were exactly like the dream plant and, as a matter of fact, exactly what I would have expected to result from this mating. They were intermediate between the two parents.

In case you don't know *Ranunculus amplexicaulis* and *R. gramineus*, allow me to introduce them. *Ranunculus amplexicaulis* is a buttercup from the Pyrenees, with erect, slightly branched, 9-in. stems, carrying very beautiful, snow-white buttercup flowers. The leaves are smooth and grey-green, and some of them clasp the flower stems. *R. gramineus* is much like *amplexicaulis* in general habit and size, but the leaves are narrow and almost grass-like, and the flowers are—yellow buttercups. The hybrid, *Ranunculus x skellumi*, has greyish-green, narrow leaves, and the flowers open a most delightful soft yellow, which might be described as Jersey cream colour. After a day or so they fade to a paler yellow—the tone, perhaps, of Shorthorn cream, or one of the other, lesser, breeds. The thong-like roots of this hybrid spread into compact clumps. The plant never sets seeds, but is easily multiplied by simple division—which sounds like some strange mathematical problem. In gardening it's easy.

Ranunculus x skellumi is very easy to grow in any good loam, and greatly appreciates a helping of farmyard or compost-heap richness. It is extremely free-flowering, and an extremely pretty

RANUNCULUS SKELLUMI.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

plant. Indeed, so pleased was I with it, that I named it after the dog Skellum, who was a delightful creature, always in our good books—as we were in his. Incidentally, "skellum" is Cape Dutch—Afrikaans—for "rascal," or "bad lot."

Some years after I had raised this good hybrid, I discovered that the name "skellumi" was invalid and could not be retained. The cross had been made at some earlier date, and had been named *Ranunculus arendsi*. The odd thing is that I can not now remember where it was that I made this discovery. I can not find *R. arendsi* in Farrer's "English Rock Garden," nor does it seem to be mentioned in the new R.H.S. "Dictionary of Gardening." But *R. arendsi* is what I fear it must be called. Alas poor Skellum!



THE BAD LOT'S BUTTERCUP; OR *RANUNCULUS X SKELLUMI*; OR, MORE CORRECTLY, *R. ARENDSSI*. THIS HYBRID WAS PRODUCED BY MR. ELLIOTT AS THE RESULT OF COMMUNICATIONS MADE IN A DREAM. IT IS HERE GROWING IN HIS GARDEN AGAINST A BACKGROUND OF *PAEONIA WOODWARDI*.



"THE HYBRID, *RANUNCULUS X SKELLUMI*, HAS GREYISH-GREEN NARROW LEAVES AND THE FLOWERS OPEN A MOST DELIGHTFUL SOFT YELLOW, WHICH MIGHT BE DESCRIBED AS JERSEY CREAM COLOUR. AFTER A DAY OR SO THEY FADE TO A PALER YELLOW—THE TONE, PERHAPS, OF SHORTHORN CREAM, OR ONE OF THE OTHER, LESSER, BREEDS. . . . IT IS EXTREMELY FREE-FLOWERING, AND AN EXTREMELY PRETTY PLANT."

Photographs by J. R. Jameson.

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For some reason difficult to explain, *Ranunculus arendsi* has always remained relatively rare for such an outstandingly attractive and easily-grown plant. At Stevenage it hung

about in my garden at the Six Hills Nursery, and in Frank Barker's private garden, but I do not remember its ever finding its way into the Six Hills catalogue. Only twice have I seen it offered in nursery catalogues, one English and one Continental. I think the trouble with *Ranunculus arendsi*, from the nurseryman's point of view, is that, though attractive, easy to grow and easy to propagate, it is too slow of increase. It sets no seeds and provides no cuttings. All that the nurseryman can do is to plant out his plants and leave them for a year or two, or three, to increase in their own rather deliberate way. They refuse to be hurried. Then, when they are lifted and divided, each original specimen may have increased ten- or twelve-fold. Not fast enough to provide a nurseryman's bread-and-butter. If he shows it well, or catalogues it with a worthy description, he will find himself not merely sold out but hopelessly over-sold. He may, of course, demand what seems an outrageous price for the plant, but that is no help—it merely stimulates demand. If he doubles the outrageous price, the demand becomes frenzied. In fact, whatever he does with this type of slow, reluctant beauty, he will find himself *dans le potage*. There would seem to be only two alternatives. Either quadruple the outrageous price and so ensure that at least the *potage* will be rich and nourishing, or keep the plant out of commerce altogether. You may think that this theory of increased price increasing the demand for a good plant is nonsense—an exaggeration. Up to a point it is perfectly true. But beyond a certain point it is not a healthy policy. In fact, it is almost as unhealthy a policy as offering rubbishy plants, with flamboyant descriptions, at cat's-meat prices, on the principle that a fool is born every minute.

To illustrate what I mean, I will give a perfectly true instance. For many years at my Stevenage nursery we specialised, among other things, in the little "Noah's Ark" juniper, *Juniperus hibernica compressa*, and on my rock-garden exhibits at Chelsea Show I usually had a group of them on some rocky slope. They were of various sizes, from 4 or 5 ins. up to 12 or 18 ins. high. And then, towering among and above them were four or five unique veterans 3 and 4 ft. high. These, for many years, were a sort of Six Hills mascot, and at the same time were valuable as showing what the smaller specimens could and would grow to in the course of time. Often folk wanted to buy them, and my assistants got rather tired of saying that they were not for sale, so, by way of a change, at one Chelsea I told them to say that the price was fifty guineas each. I thought that seemed safe enough. Not a bit 'of it. A charming old lady came along and asked the price. On being told, she remarked : "Fifty guineas, oh dear, that's rather expensive—but I think I must have just one." I was sent for, and it took great tact and entreaty to dissuade her.

This summer I have repeated the cross that gave me *Ranunculus arendsi*, and at the same time I reversed the cross, making *R. gramineus* the seed parent and *amplexicaulis* pollen parent. Seed was set and has been sown.

A group of *Ranunculus arendsi* flowered exceptionally well in my son's garden this year, producing literally hundreds of its soft, creamy buttercups on stems a foot and 18 ins. high. But about that dream. That you don't believe it I can well believe, so don't bother to write. But it's true.



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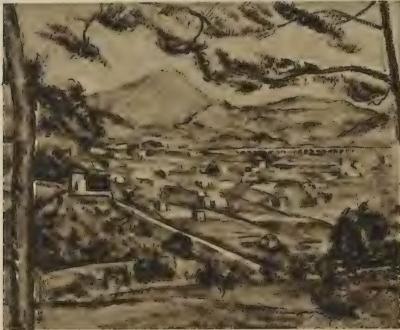
(8) BLUE AND DARK GREEN. 3d. THE SWALLOW'S CAVE, VAVA'U. (9) BLUE-GREEN AND BLACK. 2d. A TYPICAL SCHOONER USED FOR COMMUNICATIONS AND TRADE BETWEEN THE ISLANDS; AND A NATIVE CANOE. (10) YELLOW AND RED. 3½d. MAP OF TONGATAPU. (11) BLUE AND BROWN. 5d. THE MODERN POST OFFICE BUILDING, WHICH ALSO HOUSES THE TREASURY AND CUSTOMS. (12) ORANGE AND VIOLET. 5s. SCENE OF THE MUTINY OF THE *Bounty*. (13) RED, YELLOW AND BLUE. 5f. ARMS OF TONGA. (14) OLIVE-GREEN AND BROWN. 2s. LIFUKA, HA'APAI, WHERE CAPTAIN COOK ANCHORED IN 1777.

A TRAVELOGUE IN POSTAGE STAMPS: HISTORY, TOPOGRAPHY AND ACTUALITY IN THE NEW TONGA ISSUE, JUST PLACED ON SALE.

The Protectorate of the Tonga, or Friendly Islands, whose Queen endeared herself to the people of this country during her Coronation visit, has just changed the style of the national postage stamps. The new set replaces those issued in 1897, and, as illustrated, the stamps which it comprises form a "travologue" of the Islands. The Tonga Islands have been an independent Polynesian kingdom since

1845, and a British Protectorate since 1899. They consist of some 150 islands and islets, of which the three main groups are Tongatapu, Ha'apai and Vava'u. Tasman discovered the Tongatapu group in 1643. Captain Cook anchored at Lifuka, Ha'apai, on May 17, 1777. The stamps, designed by Mr. J. Berry, of Wellington, N.Z., have been printed by Bradbury, Wilkinson, Ltd., London.

CÉZANNE—SUBJECT OF A NEW U.S. MEMORIAL: LANDSCAPES



(ABOVE.) PHOTOGRAPH OF THE ARC VALLEY AND MONT SAINTE-VICTOIRE.

(LEFT.) "THE ARC VALLEY AND MONT SAINTE-VICTOIRE"; c. 1887.

THE memory of Paul Cézanne will now be officially honoured in France, for the Cézanne Memorial Committee, founded in 1952 by Mr. James Lord of New York, has recently acquired the painter's studio on the Chemin des Lauves, half-a-mile to the north of Aix-en-Provence, his birthplace, for presentation to the French nation as a memorial to his genius. It is to be reconditioned, and will eventually become a small Cézanne Museum containing paintings, books and relics of the artist. The Impressionist painters taught those of dull vision to look at the world with free eyes, and to discern themselves the glorious play of light. But it took time for this to be accomplished, as the genius of the

(Continued below)



PHOTOGRAPH OF A VIEW OF GARDANNE.



"VIEW OF GARDANNE"; 1885-86.

Continued.]
Cézanne, who was born in Aix-en-Provence in 1839, came to Paris with his friend Emile Zola, the novelist, ostensibly to study law, but he worked in the Louvre copying Old Masters and at the Académie Suisse, but

(Continued above, centre)



"THE CURVING ROAD AT LA ROCHE-GUYON"; 1885.



PHOTOGRAPH OF THE ROAD AT LA ROCHE-GUYON.

Continued.]
great nineteenth-century artists was not recognised in their lifetime. Their paintings were consistently refused by the Salon, and, in consequence, many of them exhibited their work at the famous Salon des Refusés in 1863. In his "History of Impressionism" (Continued above, centre)



PHOTOGRAPH OF MELTING SNOW IN FONTAINEBLEAU.



"MELTING SNOW IN FONTAINEBLEAU"; [c. 1880. [By courtesy of Messrs. Wildenstein]

RECORDED BY HIS GIFTED BRUSH AND BY CAMERA.

Continued.]
failed in his entrance examination for the Ecole des Beaux Arts. In 1863 he met members of the Impressionist group, and exhibited with them in 1874 and 1877, but on account of his lack of success he returned to Aix-en-Provence and built the studio, now to

(Continued below, centre)



PHOTOGRAPH OF A VIEW OF L'ESTAQUE.



"VIEW OF L'ESTAQUE," 1882-85.



"THE JAS DE BOUFFAN IN SPRING"; c. 1887.



Continued.]
represent, thus showing the "bare bones" which inspired the painter, and demonstrating, incidentally, the topographical accuracy of Cézanne's work.
(Continued below.)

(LEFT.) PHOTOGRAPH OF THE JAS DE BOUFFAN.



PHOTOGRAPH OF THE MONT SAINTE-VICTOIRE FROM LES LAUVES.



"THE MONT SAINTE-VICTOIRE SEEN FROM LES LAUVES"; c. 1905.



"THE FARM OF BELLEVUE"; c. 1892.



PHOTOGRAPH OF THE FARM AT BELLEVUE.

Continued.]
The photographs and paintings reproduced are published in John Rewald's "The Ordeal of Paul Cézanne," and are reproduced by courtesy of the publishers, Phoenix House. The photograph of "Melting Snow in Fontainebleau" was used by Cézanne for the landscape of the same subject.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

ONE rarely hears a good word for historical fiction, and it is even stated to be dead. If so, it is most definitely walking. At times of late, half the new novels seem to be historical, while of the rest a fair proportion are about the future. Those are in general the gloomy ones—no doubt for a complexity of reasons: whereas the past has a bad record of enjoyability. This week, at any rate in English eyes, fully reflects the trend; so let us get the future over to begin with.

Though "In the Wet," by Nevil Shute (Heinemann; 12s. 6d.), transports us to the 1980's, it is a world removed from "1984" or, indeed, any novel of the kind. Others predict a twilight of the human race, but Mr. Shute's big theme is still how right he was to go and live in Australia. One might suppose he had the less need to keep on about it; as Crabbe remarked: "Men that are blest let other men alone." But Mr. Shute's felicity has still a flaw. Britain is still the sceptred isle, the seat of the Royal house; and that, apparently, gets on his nerves.

So in this vision he has put it right. His story is a vision in the literal sense: the opium dream of an old drunk, dying of peritonitis in the bush, while an old clergyman in a malarial trance sits by his bed and somehow tunes in to his recollections. For the long dream is Stevie's "memory" of his next life. Next time he will be David Anderson, an officer of the R.A.A.F. and, incidentally (by way of penance and precaution), a quadroon teetotaller. After the war (for in asides we learn of a "third war," though, rather contrary to expectation, it has left no mark) he comes in for a spell as test pilot at Boscombe Down. And there the great adventure opens. The Queen is being ground down and baited by her Labour ministers; the Queen's Flight is to be abolished; and so the Governments of Canada and of Australia have each offered a 'plane and crew, which will ensure her liberty of movement. David is asked to captain the Australian gift. Because the job is for three years, he almost turns it down: "to spend three years or more in England would be like living in a home for incurables." However, loyalist sentiment prevails—and in reward, he is let off the drawback. Being free to move, and vexed by a fresh burst of needling, the whole Royal house makes a concerted getaway. England is left to a Strong Man, who will dragoon the upstarts, introduce the "multiple vote" (a neat expedient for the repression of the working class) and rule a meekly prosperous Dominion.

When Mr. Shute writes of Australia, as in the prelude here, he is invariably fresh and good. And at the worst he has a knack; although this story is largely one damned flight after another, it never becomes wholly tedious. As for the theme—well, in a kind of way he has apologised. According to the Author's Note, "nobody takes a novelist too seriously. The puppets born of his imagination walk their little stage . . . and if we find that their creator is impudent his errors of taste do not sway the world." Mr. Shute's "puppets" are presumably the Queen, the Consort, and Prince Charles, the Heir.

OTHER FICTION.

Now we relax into the past, with two unblushingly attractive stories, of almost the same period. "The House of Moreys," by Phyllis Bentley (Gollancz; 12s. 6d.), is a romance of Yorkshire during the Napoleonic war. Eleanor's father, Walter Moreys, has just died in the Fleet. As a young lad he was thrown out of Moreydale, almost at dead of night and for no reason he could guess, by his half-brother John. This riddle shadowed his whole life, and it has given Eleanor the worst ideas of her rich, unknown kin. Yet now she is going back among them. Her father wrote home on his death-bed, and Cousin Charles, John Moreys' son and heir, said she might come up if she pleased. So, at nineteen, she makes the journey to Wool Royd—and finds a house of mystery, a house under a curse, where the rich, ruined, beautiful, sardonic Charles will soon have drunk himself to death. He, too, it seems, had a half-brother, who though a Moreys, was named Lee, and who has left two sons, Joah and Jacob—Jacob a harmless lout, Joah a leering, predatory devil. Then there are Charles's boy and girl; but Tessie says poor, pining little Dick is not her brother, and eggs on Joah to maltreat him. Charles's young wife is dead; Adah, the solitary servant, is a gipsy crone; and the whole house is like a bear-garden.

Here is romantic drama if you like—a Brontë set-up without tears, without the uncouth flame. This story never gets white-hot; but it is warm all through, handled with great dexterity and charm, and full of human kindness.

"Mr. Nelson's Ladies," by Showell Styles (Faber; 12s. 6d.), is a fond, episodic portrait of the Admiral as a young man, strung on a sequence of his early loves. In the first sketch he is fifteen, courting a Yarmouth lass; and after that, for every scene there is an "object." Port Royal finds him ensnared by a ripe Circe. In Nicaragua, he is the idol of an Indian girl. Quebec entangles him with a fair spy, St. Omer with a "Christian Passivist." Antigua's lady is a Muse, in a dark sorcerer's thrall. Then, as we know, at Nevis he incurred a wife, and on the final page he is being introduced to Lady Hamilton. This is all founded upon fact, though clearly much improved—and sometimes, I should think, out of all knowledge. Nelson is an unrivalled subject for this kind of book, for the heroics can't be overdone, nor can the portrait be too lovable. Here it is very lovable indeed; and the last act, when he regards himself as finished, has an endearing pathos.

"To Catch a Thief," by David Dodge (Michael Joseph; 10s. 6d.), depicts a sleuth on his own trail. John Robie, otherwise *Le Chat*, an American acrobat turned jewel thief, flourished extremely on the Côte d'Azur till 1939, when he was handed over by a fence. Then he got twenty years; but one year later the Germans occupied Saumur, and released all its convicts into the Vichy zone. They all took to the maquis, and were rewarded with an unofficial amnesty during good conduct. But now more jewel thefts have begun, still on the Côte d'Azur, and so suggestive of *Le Chat* that John, though innocent, has to go underground. The only way to stave off trouble for his maquis friends is to surprise the thief. This is an admirable thriller, ingenious and well told, and with the author's own touch of solidity and character.

K. JOHN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

REALMS OF GOLD.

TRAVEL is always a fascinating subject. "Much have I travelled in the realms of gold"—and more often, in these days, in the realms where sterling (off gold standard) is doled out to the hopeful traveller in mingy and querulous dollops, so closely calculated as to make the expatriate Briton think twice or thrice before he tips the *chasseur* or orders a *fin* with his coffee. These hard facts, together with the Coronation, may explain why we have been treated this year to so many excellent little guide-books describing, both to the foreigner and to the currencyless *indigène*, the attractions of our right little, tight little, island. One of the most practical of these publications is the "Oxford Travel Atlas of Britain" (Oxford University Press; 10s. 6d.). With the exception of an attractive dust-jacket and frontispiece, it panders not at all to the imagination. It is not a production which could possibly be described, either by advertising managers or by public relations officers as a "good piece of promotion." It consists of nothing but maps—maps in colour, maps in line, small maps, large maps, maps designed for the ignorant and cretinous—and an index. The index is intended simply as a guide to the beautiful maps—and he who can run with such stern references as "24/SW75" may read. But every now and then the publishers of this admirable volume climb ponderously down from their high horse and vouchsafe some terse information. I have amused, entertained and instructed myself by wandering through these fields of asphodel, and culling the choicest blooms. I find that in Armagh the crypt and the graves of the High Kings underlie the Protestant Cathedral. The eternal paradox of the great Irish nation could not be (if I may be permitted a bad pun) more cryptically expressed. (Early closing day in Armagh, incidentally, is on Wednesdays.) I do not quite understand why, among the many glories of the metropolis of London, the address of the British Council headquarters should find pride of place, or why the climatic and meteorological conditions of that most variable of cities should be charted to points of decimals—but the maps could not be bettered. Oxford, Eton and Stratford-on-Avon are tersely and unambitiously described, but when I looked up Stonehenge, I found this immortal gem: "Megalithic stone circle of great fame and mystery." The centuries roll past; the stones remain. My heart leapt up when I beheld that grand word "mystery." Nothing could be better. Nothing could be more English. To be stirred to the depths of one's being, it is necessary merely to visit 17/SU14.

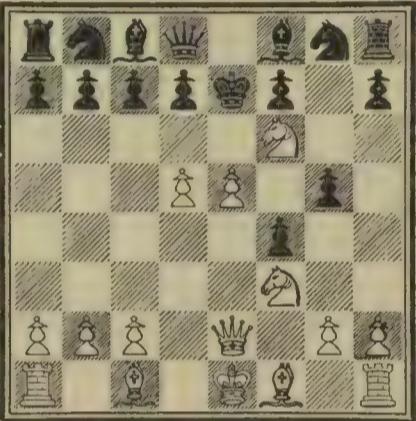
Off from base once more, I have taken a "Journey into Wonder," with N. J. Berrill, F.R.S. (Gollancz; 12s. 6d.). I am sorry to find a Gollancz blurb-writer stating that "Columbus lived at a time when the mediæval world was shaking itself awake from its distorted dreams." This surely is a relic of starry-eyed left-wingism, when everything and everyone between Julius Caesar and Queen Elizabeth I. was held to be naughty. But the book, I am glad to say, is not like that at all. The author writes with a calm and delicate reflection which I found most attractive. Take the following passage: "Mark Anthony's delay and defeat at the battle of Actium also were supposed to have been caused by the attachment of many sucker-fish to his galley, which may have been no more than a lame excuse when Cleopatra was around. I don't doubt he felt the need to explain; but why so many innocent and harmless sea-creatures have been burdened with responsibility for human stupidities or clumsiness on various occasions is a little puzzling. The need for scapegoats does not flatter us, and they should at least be good ones." This is a book which ranges far, and ranges delightfully. I have only one criticism to make: Dr. Berrill is altogether too gentle to Darwin's grossly unscientific observations on the *Beagle*.

"The horse is a noble animal," once wrote an eager Indian student, "but when he is angry, he will not do so. He is dangerous at both ends, and uncomfortable in the middle." That is by no means the attitude adopted by the patrons of Tattersalls any time these past 200 years, and the story of that great institution has been described, in a most readable and most scholarly manner, by Mr. Vincent Orchard in "Tattersalls" (Hutchinson; 30s.). The whole story of the "warning-off" of the Prince Regent by the Jockey Club is told, together with the subsequent, rather subservient, correspondence, obsequiously inviting H.R.H. to honour the course with his presence. I was reminded of that raffish character in one of Trollope's novels, against whom an oblique indictment was built up, ending with the damning phrase: "He was known, but not trusted, at Newmarket"!—The illustrations in this book are first-class, and it must surely find a place in every country-house library, next to the Badminton set.

How does one define the Greek spirit? I sought in vain through Miss Lucie Simpson's "The Greek Spirit in Renaissance Art" (The Ettrick Press; 18s.) for some attempt at a definition. She quotes, indeed, a number of aphorisms—two of them by Dean Inge—which might be accepted as throwing side-lights on her subject, but allusion is no substitute for definition. Miss Simpson is undoubtedly learned, if a large accumulation of

facts can be held to confer such a title, but I found myself dissenting, sometimes with violence, from almost every judgment which she pronounces. It is, I suppose impossible to write about the Renaissance without delving into theology, and as a theologian Miss Simpson gets very few marks. She appears to believe that the mediæval Church was Manichaean, and if you believe that, as the Duke of Wellington said, you will believe anything. If there was one thing that the Greeks discouraged, it was sloppy thinking, and there is far too much sloppy thinking in this book. The illustrations do much to redeem it.

Wood-engraving is not a subject about which I can claim any expert knowledge, and I found it delightful to make the acquaintance of "Thomas Bewick" in Mr. Montague Weekley's excellent little biography (Oxford University Press; 21s.). The book is in fact based upon an autobiography, written in that style of forthright charm which marked so much of the literature of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. It contains many moral animadversions. "I cannot help thinking," writes Mr. Bewick, "that, if the same pains were taken in breeding mankind that gentlemen have bestowed upon the breeding of horses and dogs, human nature might, as it were, be new modelled..." Ingenious, but wrong!—E. D. O'BRIEN.



Saemisch announced mate by 1. P-Q6ch, P×P; 2. Kt-Q5ch, K-K3 (or 2. . . K-Kr; 3. P×P dis ch, etc.); 3. P×P dis ch, K×P (3. . . K×Kt; 4. Q-K5ch also leads to mate); 4. Q-K5ch, K-B3; 5. Kt-Q4ch, K-B4; 6. P-QKt4.

Blackburne's marvellous finish, all reeled off in advance, was 1. R×Bch, K-R2 (best); 2. Q-Q8ch, R-K2; 3. Q×Rch, P×Q; 4. R-K7ch, K-K1; 5. B-K6ch, K-B1; 6. R-B7ch, K-K1; 7. Kt-B8ch, K-Q1; 8. R-Q7ch, K-B1; 9. R×R dis ch, K-K1; 10. Kt-Q7ch, K-B1; 11. Kt-B5 dis ch, K-Q1 (best); 12. R-Q7ch, K-B1; 13. R-KB7 dis ch, K-Q1; 14. Kt-Kt7ch, K-K1; 15. Kt×Pch, K-Q1; 16. B or R mates.

If 4. . . K-R1; 5. B-Q4ch mates in five.

If 6. . . K-Kt1; 7. Kt-B6ch mates in two.

Few know that England's J. H. Blackburne offered to tackle forty opponents simultaneously blindfold at Baden-Baden in 1870 and that the event would undoubtedly have been staged and the feat accomplished had not the Franco-Prussian War broken out. It took the world's greatest seventy-seven years to plod up to this figure (Najdorf tackled forty-five at São Paulo in 1947; and, by common knowledge, the works creaked!).

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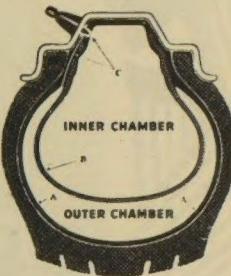
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MAXIMUM RETAIL PRICES AS FIXED BY THE SCOTCH WHISKY ASSOCIATION



You've saved my life. Best long drink I've hit since I left Miami.

Seagers gin, ginger ale, twist of lemon, that's all.

You're kiddin'.

Just gin and ginger ale?

Not just gin. Seagers.

Is this Seagers a different gin?

Not different. Let's say it's my personal preference.

I thought all your British gins were the same.

Have another and tell me if you still think so.



*Seager, Evans & Co. Limited,
The Distillery, London, SE8*

What is a child worth?

MOST PARENTS will answer "everything," but for some the reply is very different—poor, neglected, unwanted children, what chance can they have in life?

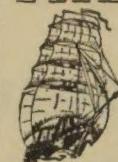
Tom was one of these children, but now look at his expression—no bitterness, clear intelligent eyes that view the world with confidence. Many more such children can be given a full life with YOUR HELP through the Fairbridge Farm Schools in Australia, where from the shelter of a good home they can obtain a Christian upbringing and training in farming and for other careers.



Please send something—if only a little—towards the £30 each child costs to prepare and equip for overseas.

This appeal is made through the generosity of a friend to prevent possible curtailment of the Society's work.

THE FAIRBRIDGE SOCIETY



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Naval Outfitters
to the late
King George VI



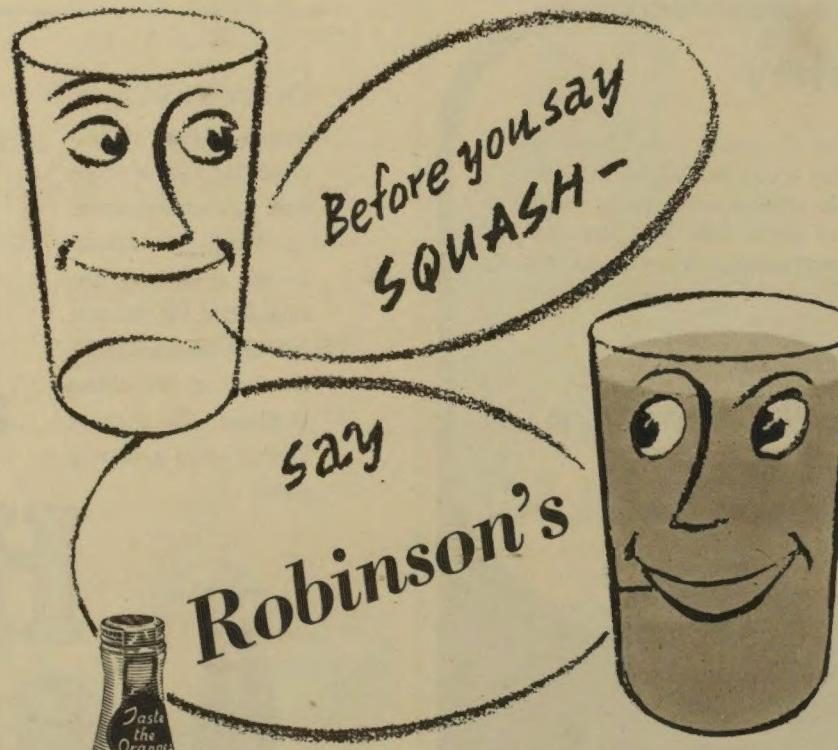
These collar-attached merino flannel shirts are light in weight, pleasant to wear—and guaranteed unshrinkable (providing, of course, that they are not boiled). Small checks, a wide choice of colours 45/-

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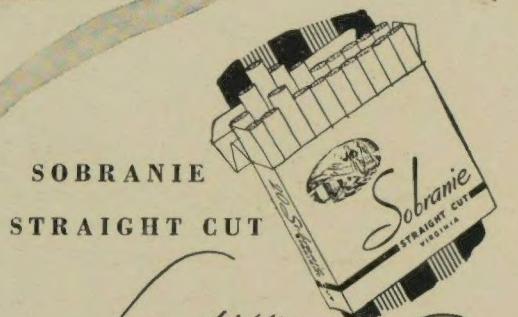
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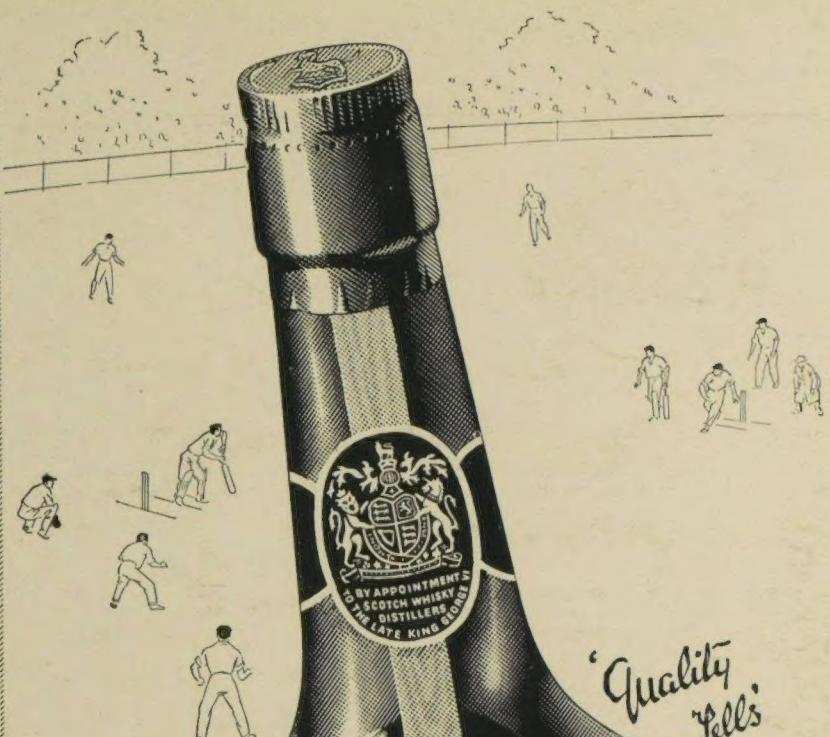
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with the
Marvellous Nib

Light up and surrender to a quarter of an hour which can wipe out hours of worry and put a new complexion on nuisances to come. A Sobranie Straight Cut is the direct road through a maze of troubles and the straight answer to a pack of queries. It is made to the recipe of one gifted family, it contains the richest Virginia leaf privily selected by the same hereditary genius. And, thank Sobranie goodness, you can repeat it without becoming its slave. You will find yourself smoking less because you smoke so much better . . .



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 IN DEFENCE OF FREEDOM . . . IN PURSUIT OF PEACE . . . NO. 6 IN A SERIES

National Problem—*Who, me?*

Yes, Hadham Buttercup, beautiful Guernsey, we're afraid you *are* a national problem. You and your 5,000,000 sisters in the United Kingdom cost just about £30,000,000 in imported feed to keep you going through the lean winter months—and a considerable part of it requires dollars. However, there is one way that this enormous import food bill can be cut down and that is by the greater use of grass driers.

Templewood's are famous in the farming world for producing grass driers which with a system of grass rotation enable farmers to produce for themselves all the high protein feeding stuff they need without any increase in grass acreage. Instead of one crop a year of low protein hay, Templewood farmers now have three or even four crops of rich grass, dried and milled into valuable, easily stored home-produced winter feed. Not enough farmers use grass driers, but the number is getting bigger and bigger every summer.

Templewood is another of the companies of the great Hawker Siddeley Group, the industrial commonwealth that serves Britain in peace and in war. The Group is renowned for its jet aircraft and jet engines—the Hawker Hunter, the Gloster Javelin, the Avro Vulcan, the Armstrong Siddeley Sapphire, the Sea Hawk, the

Shackleton, the Avro Canada Orenda—but not so many people know that the Group and its 60,000 employees in plants spread all over England make all manner of equipment for 50 different peace time industries—farming, building, transport, heavy and light engineering and alloys.

Templewood Low-Temperature Conveyor Drier Installations are produced in three sizes with an annual output from 150 to 1,000 tons of high quality feed in bale, meal or cube form. Hundreds are already in use in Great Britain with an average output of 600 tons per unit. The equipment is also exported to Switzerland, Norway, Sweden, India and New Zealand and is manufactured under licence in Belgium, Holland, France and Australia. Farmers everywhere are invited to write for more detailed information.

Hawker Siddeley Group

18 St. James's Square, London, S.W.1

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